JOHN BULL, JULY 28, 1923. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, ½d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 883 SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1923. TWOPENCE.

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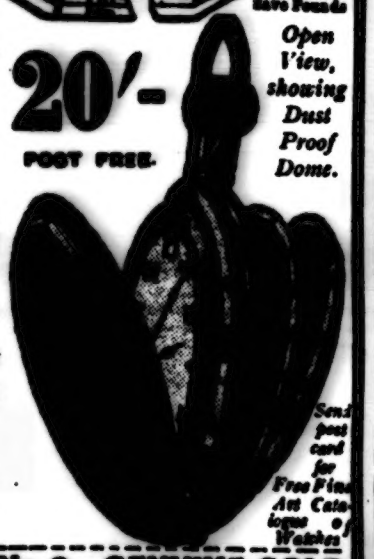

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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Stick to It.

The French attitude to Mr. Baldwin's proposals is unreasoning and unreasoned. Britain having defined her policy must not retract. Better break with France than destroy England.

Crazier than Ever.

When a leading French newspaper seriously advocates an alliance between France and Germany it is high time for Britain to take a bold step in settling the reparations muddle for herself. Mr. Baldwin must act now!

Clear Out!

It is increasingly clear that meddling in European politics is disastrous for Britain. Business first and politics "also ran" should be our motto. Cease interfering and give trade a chance.

Humbug.

France can provide £4,000,000 credit for Jugo-Slavia but cannot "afford" to pay her war debts to Britain. The time is rapidly approaching for some very plain speaking.

"Kaiser" Stinnes.

Herr Stinnes has acquired great ironworks in Polish Upper Silesia. He is the real ruler of Germany and the biggest block to settlement. Why can't the Allies deal effectively with this menace?

Yes, We Have No Hope!

The suggestion that Britain is going to invoke the League of Nations to deal with the Ruhr crisis leaves us cold. We might as well ask a baby to stop a bullfight.

Organised Hypocrisy.

While Europe rattles to ruin, the League of Nations plays grandmother to a few obscure states. Its inept inability to tackle real problems makes us tired.

A Grave Charge.

A Central Commission for neutral investigation of causes of the war has accused Lord Grey of falsifying an important document in order to find a pretext for the war. This is a charge that cannot be left unanswered. What has Lord Grey to say?

The Reason Why.

In saying that the forces of war are still rampant General Smuts has put his finger on the spot. As long as the peace problems are tackled via the war mind Europe will go steadily downwards to chaos.

The Unsolvable Riddle.

The Ministry of Labour says the cost of living is decreasing. Housewives know that it is doing nothing of the sort. Only an official mind could "explain" this contradiction between theory and hard fact.

Foreign Labour.

Hundreds of British sailors and firemen are idle while shipping companies employ coolies at miserable wages. Why doesn't the Labour Party get busy about it?

Muddled Thinking.

It is queer that with two million unemployed the Labour Party wish to allow the unrestricted entry of competitive alien labour! Messrs. Kirkwood and Co., need to clear their vision a little.

A Doubtful Honour.

Mr. Kirkwood is running Mr. Newbold close for pride of place among the "wild men." To sneer at the Union Jack and dub it a "rag" is un-British, unpatriotic, and unnecessarily offensive.

Don't Inquire—Act!

Lloyd George wants an inquiry into the causes of discontent. There's no need—unemployment, lack of houses and dear food are the chief. What's wanted is an effort to restore normal conditions.

Turncoat Politics.

When Lloyd George preaches Protection, and a Conservative warmly advocates Free Trade, it is surely time to reorganise the basis of political parties! The present situation is farcical.

We Don't Think!

Col. Leslie Wilson, the Chief Whip, is going to vacate his seat because he would like to be "relieved of his duties." Curious how we can't get out of our minds the fact that so far no safe seat has been found for Mr. McKenna!

Sharp Practice.

When we signed the Naval Pact at Washington the Singapore adventure had already been decided on. We don't like it. It's too much like political card-sharping.

The Asylums Scandal.

The new Mental Treatment Bill does nothing to touch the proved evils of asylum administration, but actually adds a new set of patients to the charge of the Lunacy Board. What is needed is a Royal Commission.

Redeem the Pledge!

Three syndicates are endeavouring to corner cotton mills in Lancashire, and we all know what that would mean. We must have that legislation for checking trusts.

Shortsighted Folly.

While schools are understaffed and classes too large, hundreds of fully qualified teachers are unemployed as the result of "economies." It's a criminal waste of first-class brains.

"Key Money" Again.

Shop property should be brought within the scope of the Rent Restriction Acts. The premium ramp is in full swing again—and as usual it is the small business that suffers.

An Evasive Answer.

Lord Eustace Percy's answer to Col. Grant Morden's question regarding the use of disinfectant in public libraries is not satisfactory. Books are *not* properly disinfected and special measures should be taken at once.

Time Somebody Did.

Mr. McCurdy has been urging the Liberal Party to wake up and get busy on unemployment. We don't care who does it, but the problem has reached the stage when something must be done, and done quickly.

Fruits of "Tranquillity."

The only result of the dole system is to encourage fraud and postpone serious trouble—for a little while. But unless a solution is found before winter there'll be a rude awakening.

Appalling Statistics.

Three million people are living under slum conditions and one million under conditions that are a disgrace to civilisation. No wonder infant mortality is steadily increasing.

A Stupendous Problem.

A population that grows at the rate of 1,000 a day; a deficit of at least 20,000 houses a year. A wise Government would move Heaven and earth to solve such an appalling situation.

A Terrible Condemnation.

"Public health is purchasable," says Sir George Newman. It is the most damning indictment of a Government that steadily refuses to pay the purchase price that has yet been uttered.

Down the Sink!

Since the Armistice the occupation of Constantinople has cost the taxpayer £30,000,000 which is not recoverable from Turkey. Supposing this money had been applied to housing—only supposing!

Not the Solution.

The Empire Service League is advocating emigration as a remedy for all social ills. The answer of ex-Service men is "Thank you! But we want the land we fought for made fit to live in."

Wicked Deception.

The propaganda issued from Australia House is cruel and heartless in view of the fact that the proportion of unemployment is greater in Australia than it is here. Why not tell the truth?

But It Doesn't!

Sir Percy Cox has been given a gratuity of £5,000 in recognition of his services in Mesopotamia. If it meant the end of our expenditure there it would be cheap at the price!

An Amazing Enactment.

Parliament should insist on full information regarding the Indemnity Law recently enforced in Egypt. Contrary to all principles of justice, it is causing serious and unnecessary trouble.

Danger!

Although the Turkish Treaty is an accomplished fact the important question of oil concessions is still unsettled. There'll be no real peace until this bone of contention is out of the way.

Play Fair!

We can well do without the efforts of the Drink Trade to create ill-will with America in order to kill Prohibition here. Common sense will do it without the aid of political malignity.

Please Copy.

The Highgate Bench—wiser than their fellows—continue to punish gross cruelty to animals with imprisonment. Other magistrates might well follow the example.

How To Be Happy in a Workhouse.

Officials of the Newport (Mon.) Workhouse have been regaling themselves on salmon at 4s. per lb. A Workhouse for the poor may be a Ritz for the officials.

Hurt Their Hides.

We entirely sympathise with Mr. Justice Greer who is deploring the fact that the only weapon for dealing with the beasts who make indecent attacks on young girls and boys is imprisonment. Why not treat the filthy cads to a stiff dose of the "cat"?

One Life—One Shilling.

A boy visitor from Manchester was rescued from the sea at Barmouth after having sunk twice by Mr. R. O. Jones, a bathing attendant. The boy's mother expressed her gratitude to his rescuer by the presentation of one shilling. Presumably she had no smaller change.

Truth from a Parson.

Canon George Buchanan, in accepting the living of St. Luke's, Redcliffe Square, London, declares that one of several considerations that have influenced him to make the change is that his income will be doubled. Good man! A parson who does not beat about the bush as some do when they change churches is worthy of the money he gets.

Not Punishment Enough.

When Francis Rorke was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour, at Glasgow Sheriff Court, for assaulting a 14-year-old newspaper boy to the extent that one of the child's ears was torn and his neck lacerated, Sheriff Thomson said he was sorry he could not give Rorke adequate punishment. Alter the law!

A Disgrace to Motherhood.

We fail to see where the "punishment" comes in in the case of an inhuman mother who, at Hamilton (Lanarkshire) Sheriff Court, was put on probation only for brutally battering her six-year-old daughter's head against a wall because the child had lost threepence. Persons like this fiend are not fit to have the care of even animals.

Another Inhuman Mother.

No woman with a spark of mother-love in her nature would treat a child as callous Margaret Cundall, Arches Street, Harrogate, did her poor little step-daughter Jennie. She beat her with a poker, and kicked her down a flight of stairs. The child was badly bruised from head to foot, yet Mrs. Cundall boasted that a better mother than herself never stepped. Three months' hard is not too severe a sentence, but the pity is that such brutal women ever bear children.

A She-Shylock.

Mr. Cairns, the Old Street Police Magistrate, acted with his customary wisdom in a case in which a woman complained that she had borrowed 12s. from a female moneylender, and had paid £8 in interest, and now when she wished to repay the principal her offer was refused. He told her to pay no more and sit tight, and if there was any further trouble to go to him. But why is it that the newspapers which reported the case have not given the name of this She-Shylock?

Callous Indifference.

The highly-paid officials at New Scotland Yard, who deal with the affairs of the now disbanded Royal Irish Constabulary, continue to turn a deaf ear to the complaints of Richard Orford, 31, Carlton Grove, Peckham. This man, arrested in the "Black and Tan" regime, for a crime he did not commit, was thrown into Dartmoor prison and then as suddenly released, without explanation or apology. The authorities still retain his papers, his references, birth certificate and army discharge. They have stolen his character and are now starving him into submission. Not only do they not reply to his complaints, but they also ignore his letters. We shall have this matter raised in Parliament.

And the Public Pays.

In 1914 the number of members of the Army Council was seven and the cost £17,500. To-day there are nine and the cost is £28,864. They are either clearing up the last war or getting ready for the next.

We Differ.

The Minister of Pensions thinks the country has no need to be ashamed of her treatment of ex-Service men. We await with interest his explanation of the abolition of the Special Grants Committee.

Correspondence by Blackmail.

We are constantly referring to the scandal of the "Correspondence Clubs" and are now informed that some of these are starting a new and evil department. The plan is to get a girl "member" to correspond with a man "member" and then to threaten her with exposure unless she pays £5 as the price of silence. No "correspondence club" can be wholly straight, therefore all should be closed down.

Graduated Fines for Undergraduates.

When a labourer and a boatman were summoned at Oxford for riding bicycles without lights the Magistrates fined them 10s. each, but an undergraduate named Thomas Linton Roberts, similarly summoned, was fined only 5s. We are puzzled to know whether an undergraduate is deemed to have less cash or less sense than a labourer or a boatman.

Tactless Guardians.

It is the misfortune of many respectable people in their old age to have to apply for out-door relief, but it is surely unnecessary for the Leeds Board of Guardians to blazon the fact abroad by sending applicants forms to fill up in envelopes with "Out-Relief Offices" boldly printed on the flap. Even the despised and contemned money lenders are more tactful than that. Come, gentlemen, it is not jonnick.

The Worst in Thirty Years.

Giving evidence in a case in which Arthur Fisher, Manager of the Ashton Vale Iron Company, was fined £15 for cruelty to a horse which had spent its life working in a mine, Major Still, a veterenary surgeon, declared it was quite the worst case he had seen in his experience in thirty years. The Magistrates dismissed the charge against the Company on a point of law. We wonder whether the shareholders feel quite comfortable about it.

Flog the Beasts!

The leniency with which bestial offences are treated by some Magistrates continues to be a crying scandal. Two days in succession an unspeakable ruffian named Bernard Brooke got into a girls' school at Sheffield and indecently exposed himself. He was fined £5. Let Shakespeare speak for us: "O heaven, that such companions thoud'st unfold, and put in every honest hand a whip to lash the rascals naked through the world!"

The Whining Hun.

The Germans have found a new trick. They are enclosing in cases of merchandise for Great Britain and America pamphlets printed in English in which France is accused of having caused the war, intentionally and purposely, and also of having concealed this from the rest of the world. No doubt if these propagandist pamphlets had been going to France, the charge of having caused the war would have been laid against England, or perhaps Russia, or even Montenegro.

ON YOUR HOLIDAYS

Remember that while you are away the JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance Gift still holds good. Whether you stay at a Hotel, Boarding House or Apartments, you are covered against Accidents and also against material damage to Luggage to the value of £20. But you must be a Registered Reader, and you must prove that you purchased the paper regularly while away.

Deport the Lot.

A wild fight recently took place in Cardiff between two tribes of Arabs, in which sticks and twisted leather thongs were freely used, and at one time the situation looked extremely ugly for the other inhabitants of the district. A tightening up of our ridiculous alien laws should be at once undertaken.

Ireland Shows the Way.

Three men were each sentenced by the Dublin Recorder to twenty strokes of the cat and ten years penal servitude for assaulting a young woman whom they gagged and bound to her bed. They afterwards stole £37 and her jewellery. Irish justice has indeed set an example which should be widely copied in England.

Black Iniquities.

As young girls utterly disregard the stern warnings against alliances with black men the Home Secretary ought to make it impossible for them to marry unless certain proofs are forthcoming. The latest tragedy is that of Florence Wakeley, who left this country to marry a coloured man in Africa. After a terrible life she left him and came back to England with her two half-caste children. These are crimes against humanity.

In the Public Interest.

Many prurient beasts escape the punishment they so richly deserve because women and girls have a natural reluctance to give revolting evidence against them in court. At Runcorn, however, a brave woman has done her duty to society, and Major Timmins did the right thing when he thanked her. As a result of her evidence John Critchley, an absolute brute and a danger to the female section of the community, got three months. Some day such men will be otherwise dealt with.

Another Pensions Scandal.

Christopher Sands, of Walthamstow, contracted consumption while serving his country during the war. He came home a hopeless wreck incapable of work. He applied for a pension, but for some reason known only to Whitehall, his claim was turned down. So he, and his wife, and his child, existed on parish relief. Now that the poor chap is dead and out of his troubles, will Whitehall do anything for his wife and child?

Knutsford Water.

Since we made some caustic remarks on Knutsford water, work has been completed on the filters, and we have received the Medical Officer's report, which is as follows:—"The last analysis of the water supply was made on the 22nd June. It is of such a high degree of purity that if this standard is maintained we may consider the last has been heard of complaints on the subject." We are glad to hear it, and we hope the standard *will* be maintained.

A Birching Head-Master.

When John Murrish, Master of Arts and headmaster of Roman Hill School, Lowestoft, was charged with an assault on a ten-year-old boy, Dr. Wilson Tyson, a police surgeon with twenty-five years' experience, said he had seen boys after they had been birched for offences, but he had never seen such marks as were on this boy's body. It was the worst case of punishment he had ever seen. A Bench of fourteen Magistrates decided to dismiss the case. It is not surprising that a large crowd of parents expressed disapproval.

Caught at Last.

For some months we have publicly demanded the arrest of Sydney Webber Northcote, the merciless swindler who, posing as a film producer, has lived by his wits for years. Last week, mainly through us, he was arrested at Swansea on a charge of obtaining credit without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt, and for the next three months prison bars will prevent him from finding further victims. We hope that his conviction will be of some consolation to his many dupes up and down the country, and we are glad that we have been instrumental in laying him by the heels.

A Chinaman's Dupe.

In Chester jail twenty-two year old Dominic Baxter, a coloured man, is serving a nine months' sentence. Yet another of the victims of a depraved type of Chinamen who are a menace to Liverpool. In Baxter's case the oriental led him away, gambled with him, and finally made him a thief, promising him 3s. for every £1 worth of cigarettes he stole. He got £25 worth for which he was never paid a copper. He is now behind prison doors, and the Chinaman should not escape scot free. When discovered he should be deported.

Punish—and Protect.

In sentencing a driver named Harry Matthews to fourteen days' imprisonment for cruelty to a horse which was in "a terrible state," the Tottenham Magistrate said he seemed indifferent and callous and did not care how he ill-treated the animal. We should like to know that steps will be taken when he comes out of jail to see that he is given no opportunity of wreaking spiteful vengeance on the poor creature, as is the nature of such a heartless scoundrel. He is obviously unfit to have charge of a horse.

Telephone Tomfoolery.

If any private firm conducted their business in the same manner as the Post Office they would soon lose their customers. A Brighton reader who signed a contract for the installation of a telephone extension line was informed a week later that it would be impossible to carry out the work for about three months as the Department was short of spares! If a public service cannot do better than this it is time we returned to private enterprise.

An Unexpected Levy.

The members of the National Health Section of the London Friendly Institution have been requested to pay a levy of one and sixpence a member. A year or so ago they were told that the conversion of the concern from a Friendly Society into a limited company was so successful that the Minister of Health was allowing extra benefits. Now a deficiency in the funds necessitates a levy! Naturally the members are unable to understand how this position arises. Perhaps the secretary of the institution will throw some light upon the matter.

Police, Please Note!

Betting raids are profitable to street bookmakers when the police adopt the astute policy of destroying the slips seized, the pencillers being assured of all the money taken when they are prevented from paying out. Liverpool, however, has a police inspector who is well endowed with commonsense. In a recent case he promised to supply the bookmaker with a copy of the slips in order that he could pay out to the dockers who had done business with him. Oldham and Bacup police, please note.

Hospital—Not Prison.

"I cannot help thinking that a hospital is the proper place for you and not a prison," Mr. Justice Bailhache told nineteen years old John Charles Ward, at Chester Assizes. A humane commonsense statement on the mental condition of one who was an outrageous liar and cheat which makes a four years penal servitude sentence on one so young amazing. It is satisfactory that the judge at the same time promised to communicate with the Home Secretary. This done promptly can save one who may be in need of medical treatment from years in hell.

Blind Rage.

Can there be a meaner crime than that of trying to blind the dog of a blind man, as callous James Holland, of Rochdale, did at Bury? The dog was leading its poor sightless owner along a street when the brute attacked it with a walking-stick. He struck it with the handle, and thrust the point of the stick into the dog's eye. The eye was knocked out. Holland's excuse for his fiendish brutality was that the dog had tried to bite him a week previously. Either that poor dog or some other ought to bite him severely when he has completed his two months' hard.

Devil Take the Patients.

Medical men in Carnarvonshire declared, when the Health Insurance Act was passed, that it meant their ruin. Some of them, however, are doing quite nicely out of their panel patients, as the four-figure payments to medicals in the County who have private practices prove. The pity is that the Government which passed the Act did not safeguard panel patients' pockets by establishing an efficient public medical service. It will have to be done.

A Girl Guide's Example.

While something that calls itself a man stood on the bank waiting for a bathing suit Christina Guntrip, a seventeen-year-old Girl Guide, jumped fully clothed into the canal at Sale, Cheshire, and after diving several times brought ashore the body of a little boy who had fallen in. Though her plucky action failed to save the little fellow's life, she showed a fine example to the craven who was afraid of wetting his trousers. Bravo, little girl!

More Deadly Than Air-Raids.

The death roll of London traffic steadily mounts. 13,930 street accidents were recorded in the first quarter of this year, of which 149 were fatal, as compared with 130 fatal and 10,850 non-fatal accidents for the corresponding period of last year. Motor cars and vans accounted for 107 of the 149 deaths recorded for this quarter. A casualty list at the rate of 55,720 per annum with 576 deaths puts that of German air-raids into the shade and calls for prompt action.

SERVING THE PUBLIC

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A GREAT and honourable tradition attaches to public life in this country.

Men of distinction and good family, like Earl Balfour and Viscount Grey, give themselves freely to the service of the State, not for personal gain, but because it is expected of them.

It will be a sad day for England when this ceases to be true.

Other countries envy us our advantage in this respect, and from their own experience warn us against falling into the hands of hucksters who seek to manipulate the machinery of Government as a means of advancing their own fortunes.

Artists and men of letters have also an accepted ideal. Their best work is done under the stimulus of an impersonal aim; what they do is done for humanity, not simply for themselves.

The moment they descend from this pinnacle of effort their vision is dimmer and the quality of their product deteriorates.

The same is true of science in all its branches; every fresh discovery is made universally available, private advantage subordinated to public ideal.

There is only one sphere wherein this noble principle is overtly disregarded, and that is the sphere of industry and commerce.

Cicero put his hand on the weak spot when he said that the trader was less to be respected than men of other callings because his main object was to enrich himself.

Unfortunately acquisition is still held to be the dominating motive in business, and it is this belief which is the root of most of our economic troubles.

Can it be changed?

The motto "Business is business" usually means "Get all you can"; but it may come to mean something quite different.

It was business men of the Land of the Almighty Dollar who only a few years ago started the new world-wide movement whose motto is "Service, not Self."

The face of the world will be changed when Capital and Labour alike are governed by this spirit.

Seamen Are Cheap.

Mr. G. F. Shee, Secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, states scores of rescues are effected and hundreds of lives saved in respect of which the owners do not give any recognition "even in the shape of a letter of thanks." But seamen are cheap, owners don't sail on their vessels which are insured and a stamp now costs 1½d. So what can one expect.

Through Horror to Happiness.

While Nellie Lister was awaiting trial on a charge of manslaughter of her child, she was visited in prison by a Doncaster miner, who offered to marry her. Mr. Justice Sankey discharged her at the last Leeds Assizes on hearing this, and the couple were made man and wife last week at St. Anne's Cathedral, the officials of the Leeds Free Church Rescue Home providing a wedding cake. Would that all such tragedies might end as happily.

Biting the Hand.

We run short of opprobrious epithets when we think of Vincent McDonald. Down and out, with the shadow of a former crime hanging over him, he was given a helping hand on our recommendation by Mr. Frank Crowley, of 6, Lawrence Pountney Lane, E.C. His job might have brought him in £10 a week honestly, but he preferred to swindle his employer out of £20 by drawing commission on orders he had never placed. To bite the hand that is held out in help is a damnable way of showing gratitude.

Look Before You Love.

Miss Maude Reeves, of Tottenham, went to America to marry a man whom she had never seen, who had courted her by means of ardent love letters and a fifteen-year-old photograph. When she reached New York she found he was a man sixty years of age, and so unlike everything she had dreamed of that she came back to mother a sadder, and, we hope, a wiser girl. Her experience should serve as a warning to others who are apt to be misled by Transatlantic correspondence courtships.

"Burlington Bertie the Beau."

Our recent exposure of Stuart Woodley has brought us a letter from Miss Ella Shields regretting that we should have labelled such a rotter with the name of the rather lovable scamp in her famous song, "Burlington Bertie from Bow." Of course there is no connection between the two Berties. Our article has also brought to light fresh instances of Woodley's little ways, the most pathetic, perhaps, being the case of a poor old couple near Fulham Road. Woodley slipped away owing them about £5, and they had to pawn their piano to raise some money.

Quilliam Squealing in Paradise.

We have received an indignant letter from the Villa Paradis in which W. H. B. Quilliam, late Chairman and Managing Director of Direct Fish Supplies, Limited, calls upon us to withdraw "certain false and libellous statements" and apologise. We have invited him to offer us proof that our statements are false, and await with interest his reply. Meanwhile, we recommend him to come back and face the music. We can guarantee his dupes will give him a reception so warm that he will soon long for the comparative coolness of the Sunny South, which must be fairly hot just now.

Robbing the Children.

When Jazreel Pleasants, of Hampton Wick, died, he left a will which aimed at giving the children of his parish a real treat. Three houses were left to the Council in which the administration of charities was vested, and out of the rents a pennyworth of sweets was to be given on Bank Holidays to every boy and girl below the age of fourteen. It seems a pity that Mr. Justice Russell should have decided that the gift was not charitable and was void, thus robbing the kiddies of their sweets and defeating the wishes of a charitable man regarding the bestowal of his own property.

Thieving Lawyers

DURING the past few weeks very grave uneasiness has been caused to the public by the fact that a number of solicitors have been struck off the roll and, in many cases, sent to penal servitude for fraudulent conversion.

John Edward Tucker, of 5, Bedford Row, London, W.C., and Guestling Hall, Hastings, was sent to prison last week for three years for stealing over £9,000 in this way. George Robinson, a Rochester solicitor, who had held many public offices in that city, got four years at the Kent Assizes for stealing over £2,000, and A. E. Watts, a solicitor of Folkestone, got a similar sentence for appropriating nearly £40,000!

At the Staffordshire Assizes Thomas Waterhouse, a solicitor and a former magistrates' clerk, who commanded a Territorial Battalion in France, pleaded guilty to stealing from trusting clients over £12,000.

Clearly, when such things can happen with such frequency, there is something radically wrong.

The Law Society is the body which governs the solicitor's profession, but its powers are restricted, and its exercise of even such powers as it possesses is obviously not sufficiently effective.

In actual practice it does not appear to do anything more helpful than striking solicitors off the rolls after they have been convicted in a criminal court. It certainly does move in cases were allegations of professional impropriety are brought, but in such cases it is generally found that the fraudulent solicitor has by this time made away with the money.

Nobody suggests for a moment that the great body of solicitors practising in this country are not honourable and efficient men. But there is a growing proportion of them who go wrong, and the great difficulty is that their position—and the confidence with which the profession is regarded as a whole—gives them exceptional opportunities of dealing with the money of their clients.

There are solicitors who conduct a class of business to which no other word than shady can be applied.

They are simply naked and unashamed fee-plunderers. So long as the charges they make are within the bounds of professional propriety there seems to be no power of dealing with these gentry.

There are some solicitors who practise for moneylender clients, and are perfectly remorseless in the way in which they mount up costs and fees, all within the limits of what is regarded as legally permissible.

There are others, too, who are unscrupulous in advising clients to go into expensive litigation when they know perfectly well that there is very little prospect, if any, of winning.

It is the business of the Law Society to devise means of protecting the public against greedy solicitors, and to make litigation cheaper and safer.

Shocking Prison Barbarities

In these days of enlightenment it is a common occurrence for a man to stand in the dock pleading that he has become a hardened criminal because he has never had a real chance to go straight. Is our present prison system responsible?

LAST week a woman of eighty-five was brought up before the Marlborough Street magistrate, charged with stealing a piece of satin worth seven and threepence. She was found guilty and sent to prison for six weeks.

It is hard to understand what good purpose can be served by such a savage sentence. The poor old woman should have been put into a home. She should be cared for as a social misfit rather than brutally punished as a social outcast.

A hundred years ago, on May 30th, 1822, John Maloney, a lad of fourteen, was indicted for stealing a handkerchief. He was transported for life. Our grandfathers firmly believed that it was only by such sentences that society could be saved. A century later we are still trying to protect the community by sending a poor old woman of eighty-five to jail for stealing a strip of cloth. And we talk about public conscience and true reform! There is small room for pride in our rate of progress.

* * *

As a matter of fact our present prison system is not only not deterrent, but is simply demoralising and brutalising.

When a man is given a long sentence the first few days of it must, in the best circumstances, be days of torture and suffering. Mind and body are reeling under the shock of the blow. It is then, if ever, that a little kindness, a little encouragement, a little generosity, would be of the highest value. What happens?

Under our deterrent prison system the poor devil is locked up in his cell for twenty-three hours out of twenty-four, alone with his own thoughts, his own agony, his own despair.

It drives some men mad. Others it hardens to bitter hostility against society: others it crushes into complete submission with a correspondingly complete loss of personality.

A prison official has put it on record that this absurd and unnatural system is responsible for many of the cases of mental deficiency so common in our prison population. The ratio of insanity in our prisons is ten times as great as that amongst the ordinary public—a singularly effective testimonial to the value of our prison system as a deterrent. You certainly deter a man from crime if you drive him mad and then lock him up for the rest of his life in a criminal lunatic asylum. The insanity rate increases with the length of the sentences served. The suicide rate in prison is three times greater than outside, and that in spite of the fact that elaborate precautions are taken against suicide. A few days ago a convict at Parkhurst Prison, named Lawrence Purfield, hanged himself in his cell—hanged himself from a grating by a rope he was using for making bags. In his case the deterrent effect of imprisonment was entirely successful. It deterred him from lapsing again into crime by the tragic transformation of making him a corpse.

Insanity and suicide are the extreme illustrations of a mental and moral deterioration from which scarcely any prisoner can escape. Even after comparatively short sentences prisoners come out weakened in their mental powers and in their character, less fit for social life, and consequently more predisposed to crime, and, therefore, more liable to re-conviction.

The other day Patrick Gordon, aged sixty-two, was sentenced to twenty months' hard labour for burglary—his twenty-first conviction. When fifteen years of age he was sent to prison for twenty-one days, and five years in a reformatory. When he came out he was a hardened criminal, and for forty years he was in and out of jail. Then the war broke out, and Patrick managed to pull himself together. For eight years he went straight.

There must have been some decency in a man who, after such an experience of life, could make so serious an effort to go straight. But he fell again and got another spell of deterrent punishment. If he lives to eighty-five he may still find this country without any better means of dealing with him than clapping him into jail, and treating him to solitary confinement.

* * *

Sometimes a magistrate makes a brave and creditable effort to defeat the system. A man, several times convicted, was brought before Mr. Wilberforce six months ago at Old Street. He pleaded that owing to police supervision, and other similar difficulties, and the fact that he had been in prison several times, he had never had a chance. The magistrate gave him one, and put him on probation for six months.

Last week the much-convicted man came up for a final decision. The police reported that he had gone straight, and Mr. Wilberforce thereupon discharged him.

Is there not in this contrast a crushing indictment of the old and brutal and useless savagery of our prison system, and in the manner in which it is regarded by the greatest of judges, an eloquent plea for its reform?

The first thing to be done is to extend the probation method, particularly in the case of first offenders and young persons, so that they may be given a chance to make good without withdrawal from ordinary life.

Solitary confinement should be completely abolished. If it is necessary to deprive men and women of their liberty they should be taught, not tortured.

The present prison system must be completely overhauled. It has failed disastrously. It manufactures criminals and lunatics, and each convict costs the State more than the average working man can earn for himself.

As it stands it is a disgrace to civilization and to humanity.

Quackery from Beyond

MISS HARVEY, the woman who describes herself as "Nurse Rose," and who runs a Nursing Home at Hulham House, Exmouth, Devon, is still continuing her curative career. Inspired from the next world by the spirit of the late "Doctor Beale" she is coping bravely with cases of illness which are brought to her. It is apparently quite useless for us to expose the barefaced absurdity of her impudent performances. She does not reply.

But we have received an anonymous communication, presumably inspired by the late "Doctor Beale," which informs us that the administrators of Hulham House are not likely to reply to any attack, as actions for libel are well known to be repugnant to decent-minded folk and too costly for the poor.

In the meantime we are deeply impressed by the somewhat rhapsodical statement, doubtless accurately transcribed, from the spirit world, that "the writing on the wall is here to-day, as it was in the glorious days of the apparently indestructible Babylon and its imperious ruler, and the mischief that a man writes, or even subscribes to, may reach far beyond the grave, albeit he may prosper awhile in this world of injustice and enmity."

After a deep breath we venture to return to the subject of Hulham House, where medicine is practised by instructions that come from far beyond the grave. And, albeit it may prosper awhile in this world of injustice and enmity, and, may we add, of apparently illimitable gullibility, we are still convinced that it should attract the attention of the police.

We are told that, as for "Doctor Beale," the medical advice may possibly be an obscure extension of human faculties attributed in error to inspiration from another world. Possibly. We agree, at least, as to the obscurity.

But when a patient awakes in the morning and is told that a spirit surgeon had come in the night, and removed an abscess from her stomach, we begin to wonder how long people will go on paying real money for spiritual surgery and believing that they get it.

The fees, however, are not spiritual but practical, hard cash, real money, which is by no means so obscure an extension of human faculties.

"Posh" Patsy: Super Scoundrel

WE have in this country unfortunately enough crooks of our own without having to accommodate those from U.S.A. Here is a gang it would pay the police to get after, before they victimise any more unwary citizens.

AMERICANS are coming over here in increasing numbers, and there are more of them in London to-day than at any period before the war.

Among them is a minor invasion of crooks, and it is necessary to warn the public against these enterprising rascals who are doing a very profitable business robbing strangers whose casual acquaintance they make in hotels, public houses, and even in the streets.

Some of these people frequent the best West End Hotels and live on a scale of the utmost luxury. How they contrive to avoid the attention of the police is a thing not at all easy to understand.

Take the case of the notorious American crook who is known in the underworld as "Patsy." He has many aliases, and has been known as Baker, Thomas, Robinson and by many other names. He is wanted by Scotland Yard, and there ought to be no difficulty in getting him. He makes a regular round of visits to West End hotels and cafes every now and again, and disappears for a time after he has effected a coup.

He was born in Ireland but brought up in America, where he has been in gaol. He came to this country about two years ago as a member of "Bludger Bill's" gang, but left the gang to work on his own. And, when William Warren, its chief, was the other day sent to gaol for five years in Paris for robbing Sir Walter Cockerline, a Hull shipowner, of over £20,000, "Patsy" must have laughed in his sleeve.

Other members of this gang were Irish Americans, O'Brien, O'Connor and Donovan—all at present in gaol. Warren, at one time, had an estate at Newdigate, near Dorking, which he jocularly described as the "Newdigate Prize." At another time he lived in a beautifully furnished flat in Oakwood Court, Kensington, where he was waited upon by a butler and a valet in livery and boasted that he spent over £100 a day.

Scotland Yard has had a warrant for Warren's arrest for many years, but they were never able to find him! When he comes out of the French gaol perhaps they will bring him here to settle the large accounts he left behind him.

Thomas, however, aims at succeeding to the position vacated for the time being by "Bludger Bill." Sometimes he poses as a baronet, sometimes he dresses himself as a clergyman by way of inspiring further confidence in his intended victims. His favourite pose is that of a man who has a legacy to dispose of in charity.

A few weeks ago he got over a thousand pounds in this way. A week or so before that coup was brought off he got nearly one hundred pounds in notes from a man staying at a West End hotel. He posed as an American tourist, with tickets for a royal function. His newly-made acquaintance was deeply impressed by his social importance, and handed him the money.

Last week he showed an American visitor around London and induced him to believe that he had a fortune to dispose of. He proposed to give the American a substantial sum, but asked him, as a guarantee of good faith, to deposit with him all his available cash, together with a gold watch and a diamond ring.

This is the tenth coup of the kind that this notorious rascal has made this year, and the gullibility of people who fall to the wiles of this smooth-tongued rogue is incredible.

He has several accomplices, whose business it is to pretend that they are wealthy and important Americans, and know all about his large fortune for disposal and his generous ways. They only come upon the scene when they are wanted. The meeting appears to be quite casual, and they never fail to help their leader to gaff his fish.

Another notorious crook, a man who is known all over the world with the professional criminal class, is known as Smith, or Ward, or Cheini, or Johns. He has a false leg, and, in spite of that, appears to have no difficulty in evading the attentions of the police. He was with "Bludger Bill" in Paris, but succeeded in evading arrest. He is wanted by the police in Paris, Rome and London.

One of the most important members of the "Bludger Bill" gang, the police in many countries regard him as a very dangerous criminal. All the rest of the leaders of the gang are now safely in gaol, but the menace to society has not been removed so long as this rascal and his confederates are at liberty.

He will form another gang like that controlled by Warren if he is not taken into custody, and imitate the exploits which made William Warren famous in two continents.

There are a number of other American crooks infesting the night life of the West End, and practising their wiles upon the simple and unwary. They live well, attend every race meeting, and are never short of money.

Their victims do not often complain to the police because they do not like the ridicule to which they think publicity will expose them. We cannot understand why the police, even if they cannot secure convictions against these people, do not at least take the necessary steps to have them deported as undesirable aliens.

Anybody with an American accent who puts forward financial propositions to casual strangers should be given a wide berth. Some people are so simple that they almost present their money to these glib-tongued rascals.

The Peril of the Footlights

THE grave scandal of the exploitation of simple-minded people by bogus theatrical managers has now become so acute that it is obvious it cannot be stopped except by the intervention of Parliament.

What is wanted is a measure making it compulsory for every touring manager and producer to have a licence from a competent authority, without which he cannot undertake the formation of companies, and the soliciting of money from the public, and particularly from people to whom he offers employment.

On our records we have the names of scores of defaulting managers who have taken out companies time after time, inducing the members to subscribe the capital and then leaving them stranded. To those whom they have thus plundered and ill-treated they give no better answer than an expression of regret that the playgoing public did not care for the production and therefore it failed. Then they go on looking for fresh victims, more bogus profits, and, masquerading under other names, repeat their insolent performance in other parts of the country.

A typical example is Donald Heaysman, who has got money from girls by pretending to get them engagements on the films: who has run get-rich-quick agencies offering people, in return for a sovereign, schemes by which they could make £50 a week, and who has stranded theatrical companies and concert parties leaving them without enough money to pay their fares home.

Quite recently a company he was running was stranded at Dover, some of the members of which had invested money with him, and some of whom were left without money to buy food. Mr. Lugg, of the Actors' Association, went down and rescued them from their predicament. But under existing conditions Heaysman could not be dealt with by the law. His victims had simply made a bad investment and gained a notable experience.

The theatrical profession feels intensely the slur left upon it by the malpractices of these parasites.

Once registration is compulsory, the sharks will be out-manœuvered and exposed to criminal proceedings if they continue their mean and shabby devices to extort money and victimise the inexperienced.

The Tale of A Tailor

FROM a dingy little room at 150, Strand, the Rich Man's Supply Warehouse is sending out to people who answer the glowing Press advertisements, samples of the material with which suits as cheap as 30s. can be made.

This self-styled "Rich Man," according to his advertisements, is "squandering his wealth on the working men by fitting them out in first-grade clothing at prices lower than any tailor." It is a noble effort on the part of the wealthy gentleman who so coyly refuses to reveal his identity.

But we have no doubt that the whole scheme of this "Rich man" is an imitation of the business successfully conducted by Mr. Mallaby-Deeley when suits cost so much.

Even more generous, however, is the offer that "buyers unable to send cash with order can secure these goods by sending a deposit, the balance can then be paid as soon as convenient."

To the working man who has been wondering how to get a good suit at a reasonable price, this last bait proves irresistible. One of our readers, Mr. A. W. Buse, of Wellingborough, sent off the necessary deposit amount and eagerly awaited the arrival of his suit.

He reckoned without the "Rich Man"—and the, presumably, cleverness that has made him rich. After a week's delay he received a printed card which credited him with the deposit, and explained that the goods had been reserved for him, and would be delivered after the final payment had been made.

When Mr. Buse had recovered from this shock, he immediately wrote the firm pointing out that he had been led to believe the suit would be delivered as soon as the deposit (16s.) had been paid.

At the same time he cancelled his order and asked that the money he had paid should be accepted instead as payment for a pair of boots. Despite his further request that the boots be despatched "per return post," Mr. Buse had not received them when he wrote to us four days later.

It is hardly necessary for us to add that no millionaire pricked with an insistent urge to "squander his money on the working men" would conduct business in this way. The "Rich Man" of 150, Strand, not only wants your cash, but wants it in advance.

His circulars state quite clearly that "it has been decided to send the goods to any address on receipt of deposit and the balance at 5s. per month." To take the deposit and hold on to the material is a form of business hardly to be commended.

We are informed by his circulars that the one concern of this "Rich Man" is to reduce the high cost of living.

For whom?

Cherchez la Femme

THE case of Lieutenant C. H. Clendining, the young Irish officer whose career was blasted, who was branded as a madman by the military machine in India, and who has been persistently refused an inquiry, has made a deep impression upon the public.

We have told the story of this tragedy of malice, and we are determined to press the matter home with the War Office.

When Clendining was stationed at Cawnpore there arrived at the station the wife of one of his brother officers, who was a beautiful woman.

Her arrival created a social sensation. She received many invitations from the senior officers to accompany them out riding or driving. Most of these invitations were refused, as her husband did not ride at the time. Clendining, who kept horses, offered, with her husband's permission, to take her out riding. He did so. From that moment his life in the Battalion was made unpleasant for him.

It was shortly after this that he was placed in hospital under observation as a mental case. He was humiliated by having to tear his food to pieces because he was refused the use of a knife and fork. But he was allowed to shave with an ordinary razor, and keep his gun, revolver and cartridges.

The woman and her husband had shown him great kindness. And, one evening after dinner, she and her governess called. They stayed about a quarter of an hour.

Next day it was reported that Clendining had ladies in his ward until after midnight, notwithstanding that the orderly on duty had reported in writing, in the medical report book, that Clendining went to bed at nine-thirty and slept all night.

After that the officer's wife was requested not to go to the hospital.

Later she wrote to him asking him to come to her bungalow to discuss her evidence for an inquiry into the actions of Major Spiller, which Clendining was demanding.

He replied that this would be dangerous, as two certain people were there, and both of them were regarded as hostile to himself. In her reply she said he had better come round, and that the persons referred to would both be going out.

He went, and says that he was asked to give up his demand for an inquiry into the actions of Major Spiller. He refused, and returned to the hospital.

A few days later he had to meet the charge that he had left the station hospital, forced his way into the lady's bungalow by breaking down a door, and had created a scene. His reply was that he had gone there by written invitation. The answer of the officer to whom he made that reply was that he did "not care a damn about that."

These statements and charges, so clearly and obviously capable of refutation, were incorporated in the reports made to the mental expert of the 8th Lucknow Division, in support of the charge that Clendining was not normal. That expert, however, reported that he *was* normal—and returned him to duty, though he was subsequently re-arrested and placed under further observation for insanity.

The machine had been put in motion, and he could not stop it. Some of the evidence against him included the charge of attempted suicide, which has previously been dealt with. This charge was brought by McElwee, a man who has since been convicted at the Dublin Assizes as a thief and an associate of bad characters.

To complete the story of the woman's part in this strange transaction, it should be added that, acting upon official instructions, she refrained from visiting the hospital.

One thing most certainly ought to happen, and that is the public inquiry which we demand upon the whole case.

What object can the War Office have in perpetuating this grave injustice and refusing this inquiry, except the contemptible one of supporting Prussianism.

Two Broken Careers

WHERE are Constables Stanley and George, who were dismissed from the City Force early this year, to turn for justice? An appeal has been made to the Home Secretary, and his reply is that he has no jurisdiction over the City of London Police.

An appeal has been lodged with the Lord Mayor of London, but he has stated, through his permanent secretary, Sir William Soulsby, that His Lordship did not see his way to lay the matter before the Court of Common Council or before the Police Committee.

We are sorry that the Lord Mayor should take this attitude, and if a Police Committee is not for investigating cases of this kind, we cannot understand what purpose it serves at all.

The matter is now urgent. The men were ruined by the cost of defending themselves in legal proceedings. They have been out of work. One of them, if he is not shortly reinstated, intends to go to Australia under the emigration scheme, to begin life anew. The other, who has a temporary job in a carpenter's shop, does not expect to hold it long.

So far, then, as the situation stands, the Commissioner of the City Police is an autocrat whose dictum no man dare dispute. We say that this is a power which should not be entrusted to any individual who is liable to err. There is an appeal against the courts of the land, none against the Police Commissioner of the City of London.

We say that these men ought never to have been dismissed. They were charged with receiving bribes from a bookmaker. The case came up at the Old Bailey, and a jury of their fellow countrymen found them not guilty. They left the Court without a stain on their honour. But this was not enough for the autocrat of the police force.

The verdict of a jury does not impress a man of whom apparently even the Lord Mayor of London is afraid, and over whom the Home Secretary—who is responsible for the safety of the citizens and the police force of the country as a whole—has no jurisdiction. The Chief Commissioner of the City Police is a law unto himself.

The men were punished after they had escaped from the ordeal of a public trial, and punished by means of red-tape regulations. Further, they were punished for failing to report that a bribe had been offered to them. They did not report because they wished to get the offer repeated before a witness.

They were punished, too, for what was called "discreditable and insubordinate conduct." What happened was that, under the severest cross-examination at the witness-box at the Old Bailey, one of them admitted that he had not told one of his superior officers because he did not trust him.

In law it is a settled principle that a man is not obliged to give evidence that will incriminate himself. Further, the evidence of a witness is privileged in law. But these constables were allowed to incriminate themselves, and their answers were not privileged. The law might throw its shield over them in general, but that did not affect the City Commissioner.

These men have had a shocking experience. Their careers have been broken.

The right thing for the Commissioner of the City Police to have done would have been to pay the men compensation for the loss thus inflicted upon them, instead of which he turned a deaf ear to their complaints, and punished them by the most severe means in his power.

It is true the men were given an opportunity of resigning. Why should they resign when they were not guilty? Had they resigned they would have had no right to redress.

It seems useless to apply to the Home Secretary or to the Lord Mayor. The matter must be fought by public opinion. We have no reason to be afraid of the Commissioner of the City of London Police, and we tell him plainly that, in our opinion, his action in this matter has been both unjust and unfair. In the poet's words, "It is excellent to have a giant's strength but tyrannous to use it as a giant."

Wriggley Quigley

FOR sheer, brazen effrontery, commend us to the cinema school touts who play on the vanity of young women. From the persistency in which they crop up again and again after our exposures, it would seem to be a very paying game.

In the course of enquiries which we have been lately conducting, we have come across a fine example of a bogus film school, which must be shut down after the disclosures in this article. The name of the concern is the Empire School of Kinematography, and the address 14, Baker Street, London, W.

This is the sort of thing the school is up to: a young woman, an orphan, born in India, and a comparative stranger to England, saw the "golden opportunity" offered by the school and applied.

She was told by the producer that she would receive a month's training for the payment of ten guineas, and that if she showed no aptitude for screen acting her money would be returned to her after the first week. Nothing, mark you, was said about costume, for which she had to pay £3 for hire.

They held out the usual hopes of her getting a first part. At the end of the month's tuition she would receive two guineas a day when engaged in the firm's productions. The name of the film to be produced was "Francesa," which was then being rehearsed at the Empire Studios in the Strand.

This young woman paid £13 10s. How many others have been induced to part with similar sums in the hope of achieving fame in the film world? Fame for £13 10s. paid in advance. A tempting lure, therefore all the more to be avoided. The fact that every real film star has achieved fame only by toil and merit seems to be overlooked by these simple-minded optimists.

In the course of our investigations we made an astonishing discovery. First of all, the Empire School of Kinematography is an unregistered concern and as such has no legal right to exist; secondly, the woman who calls herself Madame Luck, and is a leading light in the management of this precious concern, is no other than Annie Quigley, who has been up to these games before and has in fact been convicted for similar offences.

The owner of the school is said to be a Mrs. Wells, whose husband is a specialist for deafness, which he is undertaking to cure by wireless for fifteen guineas!

Madame Luck, alias Annie Quigley, will be lucky indeed if her past unpleasant experiences are not repeated. We have called the attention of the L.C.C. to this school and its associates, and we trust that immediate and energetic action will result in the closing down of the Empire School of Kinematography.

PAGAN LONDON

And Hot-Air Raids

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THERE is little rest for the wicked. No sooner has the Bishop of Zanzibar qualified his statement to the effect that the gay Metrolopus is as pagan as the capital of his own diocese, then along comes the Rev. Father Degan to tell us that it happens to be paganer. "The paganism of London washed under the thin veneer of refinement," declares the Rev. Father, "is worse than the straightforward paganism of Zanzibar."

What the "straightforward paganism" of Zanzibar actually amounts to need not specially concern us. It is purely the affair of the Zanzibarbarians, who will doubtless be pleased.

But the alleged paganism of London may be reckoned a different pair of horses. According to the Rev. Father Degan it has its home and haunts not only in our cabarets and night clubs, but also in our West End shop windows, "the provocative and sensational" contents of which—again according to the Rev. Father Degan—"would cause many niggers to hang their heads with shame at the white man's depravity."

IF you wanted my honest opinion of talk of that description, I should be tempted to remark that though admirably intended, it is merely your eye and Peggy Martin. Any self-respecting person of colour visiting London and desiring to hang his head with shame over white men's depravity will have to traverse a good many miles of West End pavements before he finds it in the shop-windows. That it exists in odd and obscure corners may be true. To suggest that it is flaunted, or easily observed beneath our "thin veneer of refinement" is to travel considerably wide of the mark.

Compared with any city in the world, beginning with Paris and ending with "straightforward" Zanzibar, or if Father Degan prefers it, decent little Coalville in Leicestershire, London has nothing to induce hangings of the head, whether by white men or "niggers." If the pagan peeps out and leers at you here and there, he is usually an alien pagan and not indigenous to the old red sandstone. London itself is as sound and as morally and spiritually healthy as a city full of churches should be, and from my point of view, persons who babble about its super-wickedness are merely "provocative and sensational."

SINCE the late Father Vaughan set the ball rolling with his far-famed "sins of society," we have never lacked orators not to say hot-air bags, to keep us well advised of our shortcomings. Every now and again the "unco' guid" sweep down upon us (from such places as Zanzibar and Coalville) and we are supposed to blush scarlet for our scarlet iniquities.

To see ourselves as other people profess to see us or in plain terms, to behold ourselves "shown up" may be good for us, but the showing up can be a little bit over-done, and if the hot-air merchants continue to take away our characters with the zeal they have lately exhibited, we might do worse than establish a system of hot-air raid defences.

Meanwhile I notice that somebody's special correspondent has been making a round of London's dancing resorts, and publishing his observations thereon. What he complains of is a new kind of girl called "the never-rest girl," to whom dancing has become "a craving," and who goes it with a "sort of drugged, exhausted and hungry expression." Dreadful, isn't it?

"Drugged," one hopes, is not intended to be taken in its literal meaning. So far as I know, "to appear exhausted" isn't one of the seven deadly sins, and as for "hungry," the average dance has usually a supper-room attached.

NO, no, dear friends, it won't do. Despite its never-rest girls, the proudest city of a proud empire declines to be spotted like the leopard. As the poet ought to have it: "Although we do the bad things and leave the good things undone, there's precious little wrong with poor old London."

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

He reaps a fortune from the land,
Yet doesn't toil or spin;
He doesn't get the coal out, and
He didn't put it in.

For German paper money now
The outlook's very dark;
It's not worth while to make a pile,
So no one "saves the mark."

It rather sets our teeth on edge
When Pussyfoot the grim
Declares that if we'd take the pledge,
We all might be like him.

The swelling's down a bit but still
The cure's far from complete,
And while this gout still hangs about
John can't "get on his feet."

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

CONTRARY to the general opinion, very few of the best brains in the country have anything to do with its government. The House of Commons is a dismal place full of dull people. The House of Lords is a dreary place full of dead people. It is often said of the former that nowhere else is individual cleverness so quickly recognised and applauded. Naturally. Any oasis in a desert! The average "tone" of the Lords is perfectly caught in the pompous platitudes of Lord Curzon. The average "tone" of the Commons is admirably preserved in the puerile perorations of Mr. Asquith.

NOW and again a really brainy fellow does come along. Then, indeed, the rafters ring. He is "quickly recognised and applauded." That is what happened when Mr. F. E. Smith first took his seat. The House was staggered. It awoke to the fact that a real wit, a spinner of epigrams, an original mind had "taken the floor." It gasped, rubbed its eyes, turned over, went to sleep again, woke up the moment he was on his feet a second time, tried hard to yawn, couldn't, sat up, roared with laughter, went through a period of perpetual mirth, decided it couldn't stand the strain, and sent this disturber of its sleep to the Lords. Since

Lord Birkenhead

when it has returned to its natural comatose condition.

Everyone felt, when he became Lord Birkenhead, that the gaiety of the nation would be eclipsed. How many hopeful careers had been shattered by that removal! But, astonishing to relate, his lordship brought an element of liveliness even to the Upper House; and since he has been there, the debates have been worth listening to.

THE truth of the matter is that he is alive—alive to the finger-tips. He literally bubbles over with vitality. Also he is endowed with gifts that are rare in public life. He never wraps up what he has to say in a tissue of verbiage. He illuminates everything with wit. He seizes upon the essentials of a case and discards all the artifice with which other men build up an argument. He lunges straight at the heart of the matter in dispute; and, above all, there is no false modesty about him. He is quite aware of his own intellectual superiority over the vast majority of politicians, and, most refreshingly, doesn't mind informing them of the fact!

HE expresses his real feelings with a most engaging candour. His downright, headlong method of speech, though it has its drawbacks from a diplomatic point of view, makes him invaluable to his Party. His recent attitude to the Government should have the effect of impressing Mr. Baldwin that the Conservatives cannot get on without him.

And this brings me to the real issue. Lord Birkenhead is, beyond any question, the most brilliant man in the House of Lords. I go farther and say that he is the one man in the Conservative Party who could launch a big reconstructive policy with success. He has the necessary intellect; he has the determination; he has the energy. When "F. E." gets busy things begin to hum. He is not content to "wait and see." It is absurd that no use is being made of the best brain on the side. What is the Government going to do about it?

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Rev. WILLIAM TEMPLE, D.D.,
Bishop of Manchester.

MY LORD BISHOP,—I commend to your notice the dying appeal of the Rev. John Wagentreiber who in his last will and testament reminds you of his forty years' service "starved and poverty-ridden" in your rich and populous diocese. It is a terrible blot on the fame of the Church of England that one of its servants should be allowed to live and die in conditions so intolerable. Yet this is only one of thousands of such cases. And the Church of England spends a million a year on converting the "heathen"! Is any further comment necessary? JOHN BULL.

To Dr. W. R. HADWEN,
Gloucester.

SIR,—You are entitled to your ideas about the uselessness of vaccination although it is opposed to the vast bulk of medical opinion throughout the country. But you have overstepped all bounds by your outrageous conduct at the recent funeral of a child, who was certified to have died of confluent smallpox. Having by some means got the consent of the father you actually had the effrontery to ask that the burial service should be delayed and the coffin opened so that you could hold a post-mortem. Fortunately no one was willing to help you in this outrage on public health and decency. Really you must learn to control yourself. JOHN BULL.

To Sir CHARLES HAWTREY,
Criterion Theatre, W.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—Thanks for a breath of common-sense on the ridiculous controversy about dancing. "If a girl wants to dance," you say, "let her dance till she is tired. If she wants to pursue any other recreation let her do it. No girl is likely to overdo dancing if she thinks it will interfere with her good looks." Just so! These crazes all right themselves in course of time, while molly-coddling restrictions do far more harm than good. "Let Youth and Pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet." JOHN BULL.

To W. J. WAUGH, Esq., K.C.,
Recorder of Sheffield.

SIR,—Your justice wants tempering with a little patience and common-sense. In dealing with the appeal of a woman sentenced by the magistrates for stealing a handbag, you set the conviction aside because the witnesses for respondents did not turn up to time. "If the Recorder can get down to the appointed hour," you pompously commented, "surely witnesses can!" It doesn't follow at all. The probability was that they had been unavoidably delayed and your proper course was to put the case back. The result of your blunder is that a person convicted of theft goes scot-free without showing cause. A dangerous and stupid precedent! JOHN BULL.

ANOTHER ISOLATION CASE!

POINCARE: "Here I am and here I stay."
JOHN BULL: "Hi! Hi! the tide's coming in!"

To Lieut. CLIFFORD TINKER,
American Aeronautic Association, U.S.A.

SIR,—A word in your ear. You have stated that the British, in order to discourage America from building airships, deliberately decried this form of air-machine, and even designed types of airships which neglected the ordinary safety regulations, so as to provide an excuse for telling America that airships were no good. You illustrate your contention by the case of the R.38, sold to America and lost with forty-four men. The Duke of Sutherland announces that this country is going to embark on a big airship programme. That may not convince you of our *bona-fides*. But when you suggest the loss of the R.38 was a risk deliberately taken for propaganda, don't forget we cannot call in evidence its designer, Mr. C. I. P. Campbell. He showed his good faith by perishing with the ship he invented. Let us stand silent before such heroic dead. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. FATHER DEGAN,
Coalville, Leicestershire.

REVEREND SIR,—To illustrate your contention that London is more pagan than Zanzibar you cite the scanty dress of revue girls and what you call the "provocative, sensational displays in the windows of West End shops," sights which, in your opinion, are enough to make a nigger "hang his head in shame." Like many another good man you can't see the wood for the trees. For every pagan created by looking at a display of underclothing in a shop window how many thousands do you think are bred in the foetid atmosphere and dreadful congestion of the London slums? I can imagine your nigger blushing at the conditions in which the poor live, but not at the sight of a bare leg in a beauty chorus. Bare legs wouldn't horrify him as they do your super-sensitive reverence. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ALFRED BUTT, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—You are right in protesting vigorously against the Select Committee of the House of Lords rejecting, after it had been passed by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, a Bill to extend the Underground Railway from Clapham through Balham and Tooting and Morden. They gave no reason whatever for this high-handed rejection. There may not be many peers in Balham and Tooting, but there are forty thousand commoners there, and they have a right to the railway facilities the House of Commons agree that they should have. JOHN BULL.

To EAMON DE VALERA,
Greystones, Ireland.

SIR,—You have sent a message to the Irish people, expressing willingness to swear allegiance to the sovereign people of Ireland but not to a puppet or an impostor. In the same message you say that you will not swear an oath of allegiance to a foreign king, whether a symbol or a reality. The Irish people, now in charge of their own affairs, will no doubt politely consider your manifesto, though we shall be surprised if they take any serious notice of it. And, as your policy has plunged their country into ruin and devastation, you must try to forgive them for deciding that they have had quite enough of it. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. T. B. MYLROI.
Eskdale Terrace, Whitley Bay.

DEAR SIR,—You are indeed between the devil and the deep sea. The Post Office won't take you back in your pre-war job because you are unfit, and the Ministry of Pensions are stopping your pension because they say your war disabilities have ceased. The doctors you have privately consulted bear out the Post Office view so you are obviously yet another victim of the parsimonious Pensions people. Keep on fighting them, and good luck to you! JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

SIR PHILIP LLOYD-GREAME, the President of the Board of Trade, takes a gloomy view with regard to our trade outlook. We sincerely hope he may be wrong.

The People's Food

The patriotic people of this country cordially sympathise with him in his view that everything possible should be done for the development of trade within the Empire to combat unemployment and keep British Industry on its feet.

But, desirable as that is, it cannot give us the full measure of prosperity we might reasonably anticipate if a settlement of the European problem were achieved. Along that road we must travel on the way to better times.

On the other hand, the optimists are entitled to point out the indications that food may be expected to become cheaper, a state of affairs which is always the herald of improving prosperity. The fall in the price of petrol should reflect itself in the cost of all commodities that have to be transported.

Nature, too, has contributed its quota to the arguments of the optimists. The wheat harvests throughout the world have been extraordinarily bountiful. It is unfortunate that the fall in prices was suspended by a strike which revolved round the cost of living and actually increased it.

All men of goodwill agree that wages should be maintained as high as possible, but that, of course, cannot be done unless under conditions where trade is flourishing. It all comes back to the indisputable proposition that the higher the rate of production the higher the wages that can be charged upon the products.

We have no sympathy with those who lecture the working people in this connection, and too often overlook the fact that bad trade is as often the fault of defective management and organisation as of a contumacious attitude on the part of the workers. We hope, in any case, that a concerted effort will be made to associate the coming era of cheaper food with a great offensive in the development of international trade.

THE present emigration system is a disgrace to the United States. We do not make that statement on our own authority, however much we might be tempted to agree with it. It is the considered opinion of Mr. Garland Powell, the National Director of the American Legion.

Island of Shattered Hopes

With America's decision to restrict emigration we have no quarrel, but a certain amount of sympathy. But it is a very great hardship that an emigrant should be allowed to cross the ocean only to discover at the end of his voyage that there is not room for him in the land of promise, that he is to be held up at its very door on what appears to him to be some trivial pretext or misunderstanding.

The explanation given by the Ellis Island authorities is that the quota, or permissible number of emigrants, is at the last moment filled by a sudden rush across the Canadian border while the ships carrying the rejected emigrants are still at sea. It ought not, however, to be beyond the capacity of the American officials to deal with an emergency of this kind and to let the steamship companies know in time whether or not the passengers they propose to bring will be acceptable.

It is certainly a very disagreeable denouement for poor people who have crossed the Atlantic to join their relatives that they should have to be sent back, and that their anxious friends should be unable to know where they are and spend time and money vainly searching for them.

There is also the further hardship inflicted on emigrants as was shown by the recent example in Glasgow. There, something like a thousand people, who had sold up their homes, were held up on the eve of the sailing of the steamer in which their passages had been booked. They were left stranded because the American Consul refused to issue their licences on the ground that he had cable information that the quota was full. It ought to be the business of the steamship companies to find this out before they take the money of passengers whom they cannot carry to their destination.

This might not be quite so dramatic as the spectacular races between ocean going Leviathans to land their contingents at the eleventh hour. The Americans are a practical people and they can take no offence if in this matter we respectfully ask them to set their house in order.

GLOUCESTER is to be congratulated on the fact that the smallpox epidemic which is still raging there is of an exceptionally mild type. Otherwise there would probably have been a public outcry against the position of affairs in that district which creates a menace to the rest of the community.

Lives at Stake

The anti-vaccination enthusiasts are taking advantage of the mildness of the epidemic to suggest that it it is not smallpox at all, and that the sufferers are in no serious danger. They are bombarding officials and public alike with pages of propaganda which seeks to prove their contentions.

We can understand Dr. Hadwen's anxiety that no scare should be started in connection with the Gloucester outbreak. But this matter is not a private and strictly local interest. When the Secretary of the Anti-Vaccination League writes to us to say that the patients are for the most part thoroughly enjoying themselves at the Brocksworth Aerodrome she is giving a typical example of the unbalanced controversial methods that lead people to describe the anti-vaccinationists as cranks whose arguments are not worth giving serious attention to.

Where the health of the community is at stake we cannot afford to take any risks. Gloucester complains that its trade has been ruined, and the town severely boycotted, on account of this epidemic. It is a poor consolation that it should enjoy the immoderate enthusiasm of the anti-vaccinationists. They have even attacked the Church because it has recommended vaccination—acting, in that way, upon the best opinion in the medical profession. This will be resented by the plain common-sense of the public.

THE members of the Camberwell Board of Guardians, who have decided to go to prison rather than sanction the maintenance, in mental asylums, of ex-service patients who have been transferred to the pauper class by the Ministry of Pensions, have struck a blow that will reverberate throughout the country.

To Gaol with Honour

We have protested, time after time, against the grave scandal involved in the treatment of men who have fought for their country, and who have been wrecked in mind and body. In a land fit for heroes to live in such men would be treated with every consideration and respect. It is monstrous that they should be thrust away into lunatic asylums where contact with people of diseased mind cannot fail to aggravate their condition.

It is an infamous thing that such men, in the first place, should be treated as paupers. To brand them as lunatics is to add injury to insult. The Ministry of Pensions may be unable under its existing rules to deal with them in any other way. But that answer does not satisfy the public any more than it satisfies the courageous Guardians of Camberwell. If their example were followed throughout the country a situation would speedily be created which would force Parliament to issue instructions to the Minister of Pensions that would peremptorily end this shameful state of affairs.

The wounded soldiers of the war are a first charge upon the nation. It may be impossible to find employment for all of them, though even there the Government could do more than it is doing. But there is no excuse whatever for treating with contumely and contempt the gallant fellows who have been unable, after so long a lapse of time, to shake off the effects of shell-shock and nervous derangement that were their legacy from the Great War.

Where appeals to the Ministry of Pensions have failed, a dramatic protest of this kind may be more effective.

EVERY year, at this season of high summer, when the barometer is set fair and everybody who can contrive to do so makes for the seaside, the newspapers are full of sad stories of bathing and boating disasters. Happily the tragedy is relieved by the not less persistent narratives of bravery.

Bravery in Flower

The modest hero, who does a deed of daring and then walks quietly away, may dislike the strong light of publicity, but he is at least entitled to a tribute of respect and admiration. The same thing applies, with even greater force to boys like Arthur Hudson, of Peckham, who, risked his life to save a child; or to girls like Mary Heatley, of Leith, who saved the life of a carter who fell off a pier, and to scores of similar cases which have come to our notice this week.

So long as we can produce young heroes and heroines like this in the rising generation we have nothing to fear for the race These young people make us proud as well as grateful.

The Spectre in the Home

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

WHAT is the secret of the spirit of revolt which has driven certain Labour Members of Parliament to defy convention and utter words which have brought upon them the condemnation of friends and foes alike? That secret is revealed here in one of the most vividly dramatic pen pictures ever printed.

The Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, Speaker, House of Commons.

FOUR men, representing the needs and sorrows of numbers of human beings in the north of these islands, have been suspended from the House of Commons on account of ill manners.

They have been lectured in private by their own leaders. By men of other parties they have been publicly exhibited to the ridicule of the world as examples of Socialistic behaviour. They are now largely forgotten.

But it will go ill with mankind, with Parliament, Fashion, Religion, and all the rest of us, if those four men are forgotten. They may not be sitting in the House of Commons, but they have left there a spectre to represent them which I find more eloquent than Lt.-Commander Kenworthy and more impressive than Sir Frederick Banbury. It is the spectre of unemployment, deprivation, suffering and despair, it was the sight of this spectre which made them forget themselves, which drove them foolishly to defy the ruling of the Chair, and which brought upon them the indignation of their own leaders, the grateful contempt of their opponents. But the Sergeant-at-Arms, however many members he may conduct from the sacred precincts of the House of Commons, cannot lay that ghost of human misery. It is there, and it will remain there until it strikes a chill through the whole nation.

I MARVEL at society's indifference to the danger which threatens it. If one may judge from the behaviour of people and from the tone of newspapers, we are surely a nation walking blindfold towards a precipice. Even in our dealings with France, so admirable in many ways, and so characteristic of British patience and politeness, I miss that firm emphasis on our utmost need for peace which verily should be lacking in no utterance and no document of the present day. It is as if there were no spectre in the House of Commons, and no ghost in our streets, as if all went well with the world, and life were a masquerade. What a travesty of staring fact!

If we are to save ourselves from unimaginable disaster we should have one cry to all the nations of the world at this perilous moment, the cry "*We must have peace.*" It is not a thing to be debated, or to inspire the perorations of carpet-baggers: it is a thing to be insisted upon as this nation's foremost need, its terrible *sine qua non*.

PEACE, that mothers may be able to feed their suffering and dying children; Peace, that the manhood of Britain may no longer stand in ignominious queues waiting for a dole; Peace, that hopelessness and despair may not be the lot of young men at the threshold of life; Peace, that girls of fifteen here and in Germany should not be forced by bitter hunger, and often by compassion for their mothers and sisters, to sell their virtue to the base and brutal: Peace, that civilisation may not revert to the savage barbarism from which, over many centuries, learning, religion, and commerce have rescued mankind with such enormous labour; Peace, that God's Will, and not the devil's, may be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

This saving Peace can never come till the whole nation desires it, hungers for it, and demands it of the statesmen of Europe. And it is because we all appear so languid and lukewarm about this matter of life and death, that Labour members forget themselves in the House of Commons, and demagogues in Socialistic Sunday Schools see red and utter bitter blasphemies. Instead of reproving these people, or dismissing them with contemptuous denunciations, would it not be better to enquire how such a spirit has got loose among us?

IT is there because the sufferings of myriads are at the breaking-point. It is there because many of the best and most unselfish women in the nation cannot find food enough to keep their children in health. It is there because men who are used to work are forced to stand always idle. And it is there, too, because the vast majority of those who have the means and the opportunity give no smallest sign of pity or regret, much less of ardent love and a consuming charity.

Is it not enough to rouse us to the deadly character of our peril when we are told on the authority of our statesmen that even if peace came to Europe, and British trade resumed its fullest activity, there would still be 500,000 human beings *permanently* unemployed in these islands?

How many of us have faced this fact? How many of us have seen that row of figures, 500,000, as a procession of human beings, men with needs like our own, with passions like our own, with weaknesses like our own, and with rights like our own? Is it thinkable that we can maintain *permanently* in our midst an army of discontent, five hundred thousand half-starved men for ever demanding work and for ever finding no work for them to do? But if unthinkable, what is our policy to make a better state of things not only thinkable, but a fact?

ALL through our history there have been periods of apathy and fatalism. In dull times, the lassitude of Angles and Saxons was mended by that fierce spirit of bold adventure which characterised our Norse ancestors, the Danes and the Normans. When once more we were sinking back into fatal lethargy, the Welsh Tudors came to the throne and infused into the nation a new energy, a fresh self-respect, pride and joy in great adventure.

Are we waiting now for an invader, or a dictator? Have we learned our lesson so ill that we have no faith in the power of the human spirit to rise and save itself? Are we really going to hold up our hands and surrender to destruction?

By an effort we can save ourselves, but it must be an effort of the whole nation, and a nation awake to the fact that with such vast possessions as ours, with such multitudinous undeveloped wealth lying ready to our hands, failure to master our fate would mark us as a people definitely unfit to survive. Is that the truth of the modern British?

Let us have peace, that we may apply ourselves body, mind, and spirit to making the British Commonwealth a true glory of the world and a widespread blessing to mankind.

"I agree that the real need is a new spirit which will humanise industry."

A Word with

IT is, I suppose, pretty generally agreed that the great debate on Mr. Snowden's Socialist motion was only a sham fight. It provided an occasion for an academic discussion, but it was in the air and I doubt whether even Mr. Snowden himself regarded his motion as anything more than a pious declaration of opinion which having been made could be promptly forgotten. I venture to say that if Mr. Snowden could bring the Socialist state into being to-morrow he would be in a panic at the suggestion and would hide himself under the blanket until the fateful day had passed.

I do not mean by this to suggest that Mr. Snowden is a dishonest man who is affecting opinions he does not really hold. I think he is a very honest man. In the abstract he would like to see the Socialist State, and he aims at keeping that ideal as the goal of policy; but as a practical man he knows that you cannot upset the whole system of an ancient society without creating more evils than you remedy.

A civilisation like ours is not a piece of machinery that you can scrap like old iron. It is a living growth. If you uproot it, it perishes.

I do not like the acquisitive society any more than Mr. Tawney or Mr. Snowden does. I wish that man was more unselfish and disinterested. I wish he was enlightened enough to see that the well-being of the community is ultimately the basis and guarantee of his own well-being. But we must take him as we find him, and it is idle to argue as though he had not the individual, acquisitive appetite which we know he has. He will always insist on freedom of action, which is a good thing, and he will always want to own things, which is not necessarily a bad thing.

This does not mean that social and industrial conditions are satisfactory, or that we ought to kneel down and worship Capitalism as a divine institution. It is a very human institution, and like all human institutions it is both good and bad. I think that if we had Socialism in the most extreme form to-morrow we should find that there was both good and bad, too. The truth is that both things are good in their place and each needs the other as a corrective.

But man is not going to be saved either by private ownership or public ownership. These things are not a way of life; they are only ec

The Cat Cure

by Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER

THAT there is a big increase in certain forms of crime is an acknowledged fact. The question consequently arises, are the punishments meted out to the offenders sufficiently severe, not only to impress them with a sense of their own ill doing, but to act as a warning to others who may contemplate similar offences.

CRIME of all kinds is on the increase in this country.

If action, severe and sweeping, is not speedily taken we will soon be in danger of becoming a competitor for the unenviable title of the most criminal country in the world, at present held by America. Last year there were 10,000 people done to death in the United States. We have still a long way to go to beat that terrible record, but we must take into consideration the size of our country in comparison with the United States and the difficulty which murderers have in covering up their tracks. Good Americans, however, attribute their yearly surging waves of crime to the vast alien population that has come from degenerate Europe. We have no such excuse to offer for our crime wave. Within the last year or two there has been a disgraceful increase in what may be described as baser villainy, robbery with violence, and offences against young women and children.

IT was only the other day that the Recorder of London, Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., said that a regrettable feature of the Old Bailey calendar was the recrudescence of crimes of violence, the number at the July sessions being larger than usual. At Leeds Assizes Mr. Justice Greer commented on the number of abominable outrages on young women and girls. He mourned that he could only send the culprits to prison, whereas the punishment of the "cat" would be more likely to have a deterrent effect. Thereupon the grand jury, taking the hint, passed a resolution that they viewed with alarm the increasing number of cases of rape, indecent assault and similar cases, particularly against women, girls and boys, and "consider the time has arrived when judges should be empowered to order prisoners convicted of such offences to be whipped either in addition to or in substitution for the sentence of imprisonment."

LET us admit that crime is often the consequence of circumstance and environment, and that in the case of sexual offences the cause can frequently be traced to heredity and deficiency in control over the passions. Personally I agree with those who argue that the purpose of our law courts should be preventative rather than punitive. It will be remembered, however, that the "cat" was reintroduced on an epidemic of robberies accompanied by violence, and the consequence was an immediate decrease in such crimes.

How far a man, maddened with violent lust, will be debarred from a brutal act upon a young woman whom he waylays in a country lane by the knowledge he will get a dose of the "cat" if captured, it is impossible to say. But the introduction of whipping for those who robbed with violence had a singularly chastening effect on our criminal classes; and as, of course, its use would be at the discretion of the judges, it would be a good thing if Parliament followed the advice of the grand jury at Leeds.

It is usual to ascribe most of our very modern delinquencies to the war. We hoped, and some of us prayed, that the war, with all its horrors and tragedy, would have had a humanising effect, would indeed have produced a nobler strain into our natures. But whether the war is the direct reason or not, the fact is undoubted that we have degenerated within the last few years.

Mr. Justice Greer, who advocates the cat.

There has been an outburst of hooliganism in some of our larger cities which it would be difficult for even the United States to rival. It may be laxity in parental control; it may be due to the social unrest which follows all great wars; it may be put down, and often is, to the bad influence of a popular type of "movie" picture; but we do know that in most centres of dense population there are gangs of young desperadoes who defy the police and are a terror to everybody in the neighbourhood. It is not merely a matter of exuberant horseplay, but of downright rascality with thieving and outrage in its train.

FORMERLY we had a legitimate pride in a sense of rough British justice. There was a sort of inborn desire to play the game, to see there was fair-play. But note what has been going on in Sheffield for instance. A throng of men enter a public-house and there is a wholesale order for beer. They gulp the beer, and when a suggestion is made for payment, all the glasses are swept on the floor and smashed and the gang laughingly march out of the place. That is sheer hooliganism.

Sheffield is gaining the reputation of being the most lawless city in England—a sad record for a place which played a notable and gallant part in the war. Magistrates are kept busy dealing with the gangs who use razors upon those who resist them. Indeed there are rival gangs—many of the men drawing unemployment pay from the guardians—and wage war when they invade each other's territory. There are stories of horrible razor slashings; but the molester often escapes arrest because other men are afraid of what will happen to themselves if they "peach." The consequence is that respectable people are afraid of going alone in the streets because of the danger of molestation.

NOW, all this kind of blackguardism cannot be covered by the plea that crime is a disease. It is due, to a considerable extent, to many men being out of employment and slipping easily into evil ways. It provides a sort of excitement to men who have no ballast and no recognition of their obligation to others. The administration of the "cat" to some of the offenders might, therefore, cause their mates seriously to ponder.

For the good name of our country the authorities must be supported in all action taken to check crime which is inclined to become rampant. The law is not always enforced with an equality to win universal respect; but no man will voice a word of protest against the most rigorous severity of punishment for those creatures to whom Mr. Justice Greer called attention, which caused the Leeds grand jury to pass a resolution and which is earning for the West Riding of Yorkshire an unenviable notoriety.

Mr. Snowden

by A. G. GARDINER

xpedients to be approved or condemned by their esults.

I agree with Sir John Simon that the real need s not a brand new economic theory, but a new pirit which will humanise industrial and social elationships. The industrial machine has become ard, cruel and soulless. The sense of comradeship nd fellow-feeling has gone out of labour. Work as become mean and mechanical and the relation f employer and employed has lost the grace nd kindliness that may have belonged to them n the days before the industrial revolution. do not think it is entirely the fault of Capitalism, nd I doubt whether the evil would be remedied y universal Socialism, which however wise, oes not breathe a stirring humanity.

This gloomy change that has come over the sky f industry is the pall of black smoke that the ge of Steam has belched forth. Science has reated a monster that belittles man and enslaves an. It is a monster that gives us certain creature omforts and conveniences of life in greater abunance than our forefathers had them, but it tarves the soul and degrades the life.

The corrective for this enormous evil is not the adoption of a new economic theory. We want a new way of thought, a new social outlook. We used to humanise not only industry but the life outside industry. I rejoice that Labour is in Parliament in such numbers to influence the whole spirit of policy in this direction.

It can do much to bring about the change that we need. It will not destroy the Capitalist system because the uprooting of the tree would destroy the whole basis of our existing society; but it will correct the evil of Capitalism. Through taxation it will redress the inequalities of life. It will make large and still larger demands on the great wealth of the dead. It will secure to every child a chance in life. It will not permit education to remain the monopoly of a class. It will insist on the elementary decencies and comforts of home life being within the reach of all Labour.

It is in these and similar directions, and not by the adoption of abstract resolutions, that Parliament can help to change the orientation of the national life. If some measure of Socialism comes in the process we need not be alarmed, for it will come wisely and out of the natural teaching of experience.

The Gang Behind The Taxi Murder—*Exclusive Story*

WHEN a Judge on the Bench puts on his black cap and sentences the prisoner in the dock to be "taken hence and hanged by the neck until he is dead," the moment is always realised as one of most intense and thrilling drama.

On these occasions, which sometimes move the dignity of the Bench to unchecked tears, the sight of the prisoner at the bar, pale, trembling, with a hunted and tortured look in his eyes, as he clings to the rail before him, is an unforgettable one.

The Old Bailey has witnessed many such a memorable and dreadful sight, but it can never have witnessed a stranger scene than that it saw the other day when Alexander Campbell Mason, known as "Scottie Munro" was sentenced to death for the murder of Jacob Dickey, the taxi driver whom he shot at Brixton.

Jaunty, debonair, and smiling, as though he had received, not a death sentence, but a compliment, he thanked the Judge and the jury and counsel, casually reaffirmed his innocence, talked glibly of paying the penalty, smiled again, turned nonchalantly upon his heel, and tripped cheerfully down the steps along the path to doom.

WHAT kind of man is it that can behave in this manner in so dread an ordeal? We propose to tell here the inner history of this man, or rather this boy, who has been the sport of Fate, a sort of typical novelist's example of the "short life and the merry one," who, at the last, had the rope put round his neck largely on the evidence of the low, immoral, and criminal companions with whom he had chosen to live his life.

"Scottie Munro's" story is the story of a fatherless boy. He never knew his father, who died from injuries received in a railway accident when the Brixton murderer was but a few months old.

The boy grew up, cherishing his father's memory, and hating railways and everything connected with them with almost an insane obsession.

HIS mother emigrated to Canada, and took him with her. Then she moved to Virginia, U.S.A., where she still lives, moving in good circles, and apparently quite well off.

Her boy early developed a wayward spirit. He was always in mischief, playing boyish tricks, like robbing orchards, a very difficult lad, who was always frightening his mother. Before he was 10 years of age she sent him home to Scotland, to be brought up by his grandparents, who were small shopkeepers at Motherwell. She desired him to be educated in the land of his birth.

There he went to school, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, was really happy. He showed himself a good scholar, and a very pugnacious fellow in the playground. He left school not only with a good mark for his lessons, but also for his conduct.

He got several jobs, but kept none of them. The routine of ordinary life did not appeal to him, and he set out to accomplish a career of greatness.

He got some money from his mother and set off on a roving career. A child in years, he became a man in experience. Deprived of a father's advice and a mother's care, he drifted about Europe, then he emigrated to Canada and mixed with cowboys and gunmen. He was soon noted as a good rider, a first-class shot, a light-hearted devil-may-care, for whom in the Western phrase, there was nothing too hot or too heavy.

HE left Canada after being mixed up in a conflict between the Canadian police and the crooks of a cowboy drinking saloon, in which a man was shot dead.

He came home for a while—a Western desperado with almost an uncanny skill at cards—and drifted into bad society. But he was not wholly bad, and soon tired of it. He then made up his mind to go to sea, and enlisted in the American Navy, but the discipline was too irksome for him. When he left it, he returned to his grandparents at Motherwell.

By this time his character had deteriorated. He kept late hours and bad company. He drank and gambled, and, getting into financial difficulties, robbed his poor old grandparents of nearly £100.

He came to London and spent his substance in riotous living. He made the acquaintance of fast women, upon whom he lavished his stolen money. When it was all gone they introduced him to a gang of crooks.

That sealed his downfall. For a time he was a familiar figure at most of the West-End night-clubs, and at other much worse resorts. If he had had a father's care and advice at this time he might have been saved. He was light-hearted, good-natured and generous, and, above all, conspicuous for a kind of high courage. But he had no trade and no money, and the crooks soon showed him how money could be got.

They gave him one or two "jobs" to do, and were delighted at the coolness and courage he showed.

But the strange thing about him was that he would not, or could not, plan a job himself. Yet if he was dared or challenged to carry out a job planned by the more cunning and experienced crooks into whose hands he had fallen, he never refused.

His courage and daring were the admiration of those who exploited him. They never let him alone. They had found an excellent tool for their purposes. They gave him just enough money to keep him going, and found him fresh jobs when he wanted more.

It was about this time that he came into contact with Vivian, a self-acknowledged and convicted burglar, who gave evidence against him at the Old Bailey, when he was on trial for his life. They were, apparently, fast friends.

A few weeks after he met Vivian, he went to jail for housebreaking. When he came out, the gang took him up again. He was just the kind of man they wanted. They remained in the background in safety, and sent him out to do the dangerous work and get the money he so lightly regarded and they so greedily took from him.

HE could mix in good society. He was well-educated, a good talker, and a splendid dancer, and he was very popular. He gave his money away freely to women who sponged on him, and to his male friends if they were in distress.

He was always giving the women he knew in the underworld small articles of jewellery—most of it stolen property which other members of the gang had passed on to him for disposal.

He would never be bothered to sell the "small" stuff; he only concerned himself with the disposal of the costly and valuable hauls. The fast women got the rest.

BY this time he was a confirmed criminal. Once just a wayward, fatherless boy, he was now rapidly drifting to his doom, fast becoming as heartless and callous as the low-down scoundrels into whose hands he had fallen, and who used him as their tool.

Often, in moments of compunction, he decided to give up his career of crime, and more than once tried to do so. But he failed. His amazing spirit of adventure, his fearless courage and restlessness, lured him back again from less exciting and humdrum work to the life of evil doing and dissipation. He became completely and irretrievably unscrupulous and notorious for his reckless courage.

He was sent back by the gang to do more jobs. He burgled the house of Mr. Guisberg, a barrister, at Hampstead, and made a great haul. At one time, when he was arrested on suspicion, and brought before Sir R. Wallace at the London Sessions, he made a speech from the dock of pathos blended with humour, and got off by being bound over for 12 months.

Some time later, he burgled a house at Streatham. He dodged the police and made for Victoria, where Vivian, with whom he had done many jobs in partnership, lived, but he was caught at Brixton, near the very spot, by a strange coincidence, where the murder for which he is now to hang took place.

HIS favourite reading was about Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, and Claude Duval, and about the famous footpads and highwaymen who robbed the rich to give to the poor. He was fascinated by their exploits.

His ideal was to build up a great system of robbery on this basis, but, while he dreamed, the crooks behind him pushed him further and further into the mire, till at last they got him down for ever.

Now he is to die, and those who caused his downfall go free to lure other unfortunates into their net of crime. They give not one thought to Mason.

He has been found guilty by a jury of his fellow countrymen of a shocking and brutal murder—a sordid tragedy relieved only by the gallant conduct of his poor victim who, when he was shot down like a dog, staggered towards those who ran to his rescue and, with blood spurting from his throat, urged them to stand back because his assailant was armed.

* * *

BUT what of the crooks and rogues behind him? The men whose tool and dupe he was. Are they to be left free to plan other crimes and find other victims? Their records and characters are known to the police. Why is this gang not hunted down and its leaders put where they ought to be, in jail?

WITH the shadow of the gallows upon him, Alexander Mason, the murderer in the now famous taxi-cab crime, lies in the condemned cell. His sentence is a just one, but what of the others who helped him to his doom, who engineered the crimes which he was prompted to carry out? Are they to go free? This article shows that prompt action by the police should be taken if justice is to be served and other unfortunates saved from such a fate as Mason's.

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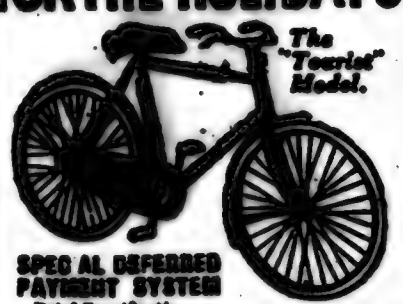

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

Man's Inhumanity to Man

"I AM a deputy-manager of our Employment Exchange. A few weeks ago a young fellow signed on, after serving twelve months imprisonment for theft. I knew him before his lapse—a good, hardworking man. I knew, too, that he was a tryer and resolved to forget the past and make good.

"I took him to a firm of shipbreakers. He was tried and found satisfactory, and asked to start.

"Next morning he was told by the foreman that jail-birds were not wanted. Somebody had revealed his secret. The employer rang me up and gave me a 'wigging' for sending such a man.

"The victim knows, or believes that he knows, the worm who betrayed him. He knows also what to do to him, for he is a hefty fellow. What do you advise?"

"Humanist" says: *Your implied suggestion is a good hiding. I sympathise with your resentment. But a summons for assault would only aggravate the position. Leave the dirty dog to his dirtiness. Do the best you can for this victim of his own past. Not all employers are so ungenerous. It needs a stout heart to face a position like this, but courage is the only thing that will pull him through.*

Once Bitten!

"I AM 22 years of age and an orphan. Six years ago I was ill and went in hospital for two years. When I came out I went to live with a married sister, who had two children. In return for my services I got 2s. 6d. per week.

"My life was miserable, but I never grumbled. On one occasion I was kept outside the house until 2.30 a.m., the children having barred the door against me.

"I left and went into service. I have a good situation. My sister is now dying and I am asked to go back. It would mean more misery. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says: *Your duty to yourself is to remain where you are. We are not expected to ruin ourselves in stretching out a helping hand to others—especially when their conduct has never merited it.*

Tell Her People

"FOR over a year I have been keeping company with a young lady, but, owing to an injury received in the war, I have not been able to save, as my present salary only just keeps me. The young lady comes from a very good family and is willing to provide all if only I will consent.

"I certainly want to settle down with her, but should I allow her to make the sacrifice? She does not intend to let her parents or relations know about it, as they are very much above my station of life and would not allow her to marry if they knew.

"I want her to tell her people, but she says, 'No,' because they would not permit the marriage if she did, and she pleads with me that I must study her happiness and also my own, or both our lives will be wrecked. We have had very serious talks together and, in spite of our both putting obstacles in the way, we are both certain that our happiness can only be completed by marriage.

"My injury received in the war is such that, should I marry, it will be a childless marriage. The young lady fully understands this and is a trained nurse, having been to France herself during the war. She says I need her care. What shall I do?"

"Humanist" says: *In ordinary circumstances, it would be nobody's business but your own and the girl's. In your case, the circumstances are not ordinary, and it would be generous on your part to insist that all the facts should be known to the girl's relatives.*

His Broken Promise

"MY employer, an old man of seventy, begged me to become his housekeeper. I refused—as he was suffering from a very trying malady, and I thought he should have a trained nurse. He would not agree to this, but promised me that if I would consent he would pay me a good salary and leave me his house in his will.

"I yielded. He recovered and I lived with him for five years, looking after him as well as though I really were his wedded wife. He died last month, and in his will has left the house, not to me, but to his nephew, whom he had not seen for ten years, and who is a rich man. Can I do anything?"

"Humanist" says: *You can enter a caveat to the will, but it would be better for you to go to the nephew, place all the facts before him and ask him to treat you fairly in this matter.*

Advice He Must Take

"MY mother died when I was 12. My father married again two years after, a young girl only 18 years of age. I am now 21 and my troubles have commenced. My stepmother has confessed that she is madly in love with me, and as my father is a commercial traveller we are constantly alone together.

"She is a beautiful woman and only by strength of will have I restrained myself. I respect my Dad, but dare not tell him.

"I am unemployed and have no other place to go to. What do you advise me to do?"

"Humanist" says:—*Clearly you must do nothing that would dishonour yourself or your father. You are in great peril, and in no way to blame. Leave home at once, and make your own way in life. The world is all before you where to choose. In after years you will be glad—and grateful—if you take this advice.*

Ex-Soldier Gets a Chance

"SINCE my discharge from the army in July, 1921, I have only been employed for a few weeks, doing a little canvassing. I am not in receipt of either unemployed pay, pension, relief nor have I any prospect of employment. Through enlisting at 15 years of age to serve in the war I am unskilled.

"Civilian employers refuse me owing to my inexperience. My family are only ordinary respectable working people, but they have kept me for three years without a single complaint. What hurts me is that other people say that I do not want to work because I take adverse circumstances in a smiling way.

"I am 24, single, ex-N.C.O., of smart appearance and decent education. I have served in France, India and Ireland and was wounded and taken prisoner of war. I am enclosing copies of three testimonials which verify my statements."

"Humanist" says: *You are one of many who found it hard after the war to get on their feet in a land supposed to be fit for heroes. A kind reader of JOHN BULL has offered to give employment to six ex-service men on my recommendation. I am sending your name on to him, together with the names of several others whose record and experience have been something like your own.*"

Obviously a Blackguard

"WHEN I had been married but a few weeks my wife told me that a certain young man had called at her mother's address to see her, and on being told that she had married a sergeant in the R.A.F., remarked that she had done better than she deserved.

"After this he wrote to her in her maiden name. Her mother opened the letter and only gave it to my wife on condition that she showed it to me. In the course of this letter this man, who was a seaman in H.M. Navy, asked my wife if she would like to get back the letters she had written to him.

"He said he would like to give them back as he would not like anybody to know that she had carried on with him in that way. He further said that he would give her the offer of being pals or —— and said that he would expect a letter from her making an appointment, otherwise he would know what to do.

"What do you think of one service man writing to another's wife in that strain a few weeks after marriage?"

"Humanist" says: *The man is obviously a blackguard, but you have the consolation of knowing that you have behaved well, that your wife has behaved well, and that your mother-in-law has behaved well. You have told this fellow what you think of him. Now dismiss the matter from your mind, and never mention it again.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others

Father's Footsteps.

"My father, who is a much respected councillor of years' standing, insists upon my succeeding him at the next Election. I loathe the thought of it, but he has now openly stated my willingness to do this, and the matter is becoming the cause o continual household strife. Would it be mean to stand firm?"

No. Your father has no right to make false statements about you. Tell him plainly that you could not conscientiously discharge the duties and will not be forced into it.

A Matter of Conscience.

"My money, inherited from my father, is invested in a hotel—a private limited company. It was recently fined for allowing disorderly conduct. I get a good dividend, but don't like the way this place is being run."

If this is preying on your mind, sell your shares. But perhaps the manager has learned the lesson. I always like to give people another chance.

Parliamentary Ambition.

"I am a young barrister—with private means of about a thousand a year. I want to get into Parliament. Do you think that a better career than the law?"

No. The law is a profession in which you can legitimately hope to make money. If you go into Parliament it should be from motives of public spirit, not of private interest. No doubt many people look on Parliament as a career, but that does not alter the principle.

The Trail of the Crooks.

"Since my father's arrest for burglary a gang of crooks is pestering me to commit crimes. They were my father's friends, or rather his enemies. They threaten me with violence if I refuse. I am only seventeen."

Go straight to the nearest police station and tell your story. There is only one way to deal with the crook and the blackmailer. Fight him all the time and all along the line.

East and West.

"My daughter, aged seventeen, has become engaged to an Indian medical student, and after they are married they are to live in India. Should I give my consent?"

No—if you think that will stop it. Your daughter is too young to know what she will have to face in living with another race in another clime. And the fate of half-caste children is another substantial objection.

A Bad Colleague.

"I work in a printing office, as a linotype operator. One of my fellow-workers is stealing metal. He knows that I know, and wants me to help and to share the profit. Should I report him?"

Certainly. Tell the Father of the Chapel. This is not a case of suspicion but of proof, and you must protect yourself, as well as it is your duty to your employers and your honest fellow-workers.

Treasure Trove.

"My little boy brought home a diamond tie-pin he found in the street. Can I sell it? I am a widow, with an eldest son paralysed and have six mouths to feed."

No. You must report it to the police. If nobody claims it you will get a reward. If you sell it you are liable to be charged with stealing by finding.

Suspicions of a Neighbour.

"I suspect my neighbour of making counterfeit coin. He is a stereotyper by trade, and a leading church worker. What should I do?"

You are not called on to act as a private detective. You do not say on what your suspicions are based. It is not a proof of crime to be a church worker, or stereotyper or both.

A Sailor's Life.

"Just leaving school, I want to go to sea. Should I go in sail or in steam? I am told the former is the only way to learn the job."

Try to get experience in both. But don't despise steam. The day of the windjammer is nearly over.

The Ambitious Wife.

"My wife, who is ambitious, wants me to give up my job, a pawnbroker's manager, and start a fashionable boarding-house. What do you advise?"

I advise you to use your own judgment. A man must shoulder his own responsibilities and not put them on his wife. Listen to her—and decide for yourself. That is the meaning of being a man.

A Troublesome Daughter.

"My daughter of nineteen will not work or keep good hours and good company. I am a widow. I have locked her out and she sang music-hall songs on the doorstep till I let her in."

Patience and kindness—Infinite patience and long-suffering kindness are the only things to win in a struggle like this. Appeal to her sense of fairplay and generosity. Don't nag, don't scold, don't abuse. If there is any good in the girl, you will win. If there isn't—Heaven help you both.

An Old Master?

"I took a furnished house and on giving it up am told a violin, valued at two hundred pounds, is missing. Can I be made to pay?"

You do not say if an inventory was made before you took the house. If not, you can dispute liability. In any case, no court would believe without clear evidence that an Old Master was left lying around without any precautions for its safe custody.

Octogenarian Travel.

"My father, who is eighty-three, wants to go to Australia to visit his married daughter. Do you think he ought to go?"

Earl Ducie came from Australia at eighty-eight and after living here went back. It all depends on health and financial considerations. There is no rule for telling fathers to obey their sons.

An Impossible Request.

"I beg to ask you if you could help me in my trouble, as it is worrying me a lot. Please let me know in confidence when I can have an interview with you."

I am sorry. I cannot undertake to give personal interviews. Please write your story to me and I will do my best.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Black Marks for a Bismark

by HARRISON OWEN

CHARGED with obstructing the highway to peace and robbing liege subjects of King George of the right to work, M. Raymond Poincaré pleaded "Not guilty" in a speech of 3½ hours' duration.

"I would like to say at the outset," began Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "that my acceptance of the brief for the prosecution does not imply that I love France less, but that I love England more; and in doing my duty by the British public I wish it to be distinctly understood that such remarks as I may feel called upon to make are directed not against France, but against the obstinate and misguided autocrat whose policy, if he insists upon adhering to it, is likely to prove no less harmful to his own countrymen than it has already been to mine.

"For weeks the British Premier has been patiently endeavouring to implant in the prisoner's mind an appreciation of the disastrous effects of French policy in the Ruhr. That France has a right to reparations nobody who is not either a German or a lunatic will deny, but this right is possessed also by France's allies. Far from producing a crop of French 'beans,' the Ruhr policy has endangered the peace of Europe and, by rendering German money valueless and trade between Germany and other nations practically impossible, has so injured British trade that there are in this country to-day more than a million unemployed.

"WHY does the accused persist in this policy? Is it that he desires to gain for France a monopoly of Europe's coal resources? If so, let him understand that the war was not fought to make the world safe for a French financial octopus to bloat in. This country shared with France the grim sacrifices of the war, and the sacrifices that have since been made by British taxpayers enormously exceed those of France. Prosperous herself, France, under the dictatorship of this Monsieur Bismark, has made no attempt to pay the huge debt she owes Britain, but instead has spent vast sums on building an air fleet which it is difficult to believe is necessary for purely defensive purposes.

"I am," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "as anxious as anybody to 'Stand by France'—to quote the cry of the Parrot Press—but I am even more determined to stand up for England, and I refuse to be deterred from doing this by the suggestion that any criticism directed against an intriguing French politician is a species of blasphemy."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that his client, while wishing to remain friendly with Great Britain, was out to make France the most powerful nation in Europe, militarily and financially. His primary object was to crush Germany; if Britain was injured in the process this would have to be accepted as one of the fortunes of peace. That there were many unemployed in this country was regrettable, but things like this must always be after a famous victoree. As for suggesting that France should pay her war debt—he ventured to say that nobody but a pro-German would make such an outrageous proposal!

THE jury having found the accused "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull said he would direct that the verdict be recorded in the archives of the League of Nations. "I have no power to imprison M. Poincaré," he continued, "but I can, however, urge him, as the guest of the British Government, to make a tour through England and Scotland, from Glasgow to South Wales, and view the closed factories, and legions of workless, which are the results of his policy. Admiration for French bravery cannot blind me to the dire effects produced by the Chauvinism of one misguided Frenchman. I hope that the eyes of the French people will soon be opened to the true character of this lawyer-politician who seems to have gone nap upon Napoleonic militarism."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"GLASGOW BULLETIN":—"He built 60 years ago the house in which he PASSED AWAY, and has SINCE been the only occupier."

"BURTON EVENING GAZETTE":—"A khaki duck at Kingscliffe, near Maidenhead, has laid a BLACK HEAD."

"SOUTH WALES GAZETTE":—"Arthur Henry King was summoned for travelling on the Great Western Railway in a FIRST-CLASS carriage with a FIRST-CLASS ticket."

"DAILY MIRROR":—"He would find a plentiful supply of MIDGES, GNATS and other irritating ANIMALS."

"THE TIMES" (Clacton-on-Sea):—"The marks on her ARMS were possibly caused by his gripping her SHOULDERS."

"NORTH MAIL":—"At Ayr YESTERDAY P. Jones' mount WILL INCLUDE Airy Wings filly."

"BEST STORIES":—"But it was rather a vacant, insipid type of beauty—big, soft eyes, BLUE-GOLDEN hair, and perfect creamy skin."

"SUNDAY COMPANION" (story):—"'The scoundrel,' cried the doctor, very RED ON HIS FEET."

"HULL AND EAST YORKSHIRE TIMES":—"THOUSANDS of passengers went from Burstwick to Burton Pidsea ON ONE CYCLE at one time on Wednesday evening."

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY":—"She was listening with her LIPS, but her eyes were restlessly searching the room for the next partner."

"EAST KENT TIMES":—"George Stringer was summoned for the irregular attendance of his son at school. The attendance officer said that the boy attended 66 times out of 18."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"300 complete bedsteads, in BRASS, Mahogany, AND OTHER WOODS."

"LANCASTER GUARDIAN":—"Mr. Willey, who was 55, had practised as a solicitor for 50 years."

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE":—"The liquid trickled from the TOP STORY OF THE BASEMENT."

"JOHN BULL" MASS SELECTIONS.

Tremola 5/2. Golden Bud 8/1.
Gurzil, Straitlace, Ducks and Drakes, etc.

In preparation for the Goodwood week, the Mass Selections are again revised. The instructions which have already been published hold. Divide your bank into 50 parts and back each horse. If more than three run in the same race, no bet.) Add your winnings to the bank.

A.B.C.	Duncan Gray.	Little Witch.
Azimuth.	Eaglehawk.	Mademoiselle M.
Blaidhaonach.	Evander.	Meteoric.
Bowood.	First Magic.	Morning Light.
Bucks Yeoman.	Flammetta.	Plas Newydd.
Canary Seed.	Golden Bud.	Precious.
Chorrocs.	Holy Friar.	Psychology.
Centurion.	Inkerman.	Rock Fire.
Crimson Sun.	Joss House.	Shri.
Culvert.	Jingu.	Suryakumari.
Diophon.	Jarvis.	Time.
Deflation.	Kelvin.	Tremola.
Donna Inez.	Kallikrates.	White Bread.
Ducks and Drakes.	Leighon Tor.	

WHEN people ring you up in the middle of the night to point out the flaws in a handicap, and every one of them chooses a different horse, it is any odds that the handicap is a good one. This was my experience when the weights of the Stewards Cup were published. The "flaws" were Tremola, Legality, Suryakumari, Morestel and a few others. Legality is a dog, or he would win in a walk. Tremola is thrown in, but the big field may upset him. My first fancies are for Morning Light, Suryakumari and Ruysdael. The latter may be the real blot—but probably isn't!

Tremola.

Tremola is not finished for the year: he will win again, and I am keeping him in my amended mass selections which I present this week in alphabetical order, partly because several readers have suggested that course, and partly because all along I have known that that was the only way to print them, but have been too lazy to sort them out.

Mass Selections Picking Up.

By the way, the followers of my mass selections are picking up splendidly. Tremola won at the second time of asking; Golden Bud won at 8/1, and we have had numerous other little victories. I only regret that I was stupid enough, in copying my list, to leave out Sicyon and Beauregard, having tipped the first of these since the mass selections were started.

The Liverpool Cup.

I am not prepared to accept the view that his training for the Liverpool Cup has taken the edge off The Night Patrol's speed. Mr. Lambton's horses can make good, and sometimes disconcerting recoveries, and whilst I do not think that The Night Patrol is as good as he was in the spring, I should not like to oppose him in the Stewards Cup, even though I would be ready to bet money that he would not win the big race at Liverpool.

Parting with Westmead.

I have had to part with Westmead, whose running behind Collaborator showed him to be in very indifferent form. I cut out The Owl, who has now changed hands and has gone into Rhodes' stable, being under the impression that Cottrill would not part with this horse if there were a good race in him. Stowe, poor old chap! is dead. Charles Surface has proved himself a moderate plater, and though he may win a selling race in the future, I don't think it will be anything very much better than a selling race.

* * *

Golden Bud, Straitlace, Belle Fille and Ducks and Drakes, all of which have won for me, remain, as also does Diophon, the second best horse in Dawson's stable, which may in time prove the best.

I am tempted to drop Plas Newydd, whose running at Alexandra Park was a little too bad to be true. He did so well at Ascot, however, that I retain him. Morning Light must come into the list because he is very well just now—a remark which also applies to Eaglehawk, who, I am certain, will win a very useful handicap before we have to reconstruct the list.

Goodwood.

Goodwood will be the meeting, of all others, that I like. It is so different from every other kind of function, and there is such a complete change in the character of the race crowd that it is really delightful to attend. I believe that Mumtaz Mahal has an engagement at the meeting, and I do hope that the Aga Khan gives the Sussex countryfolk an opportunity of seeing his grey wonder, who is due to compete at Sandown just as we are going to press.

Can Mumpty Stay?

I can't say that I entirely agree with those who are certain that Mumtaz Mahal cannot stay, and round about Doncaster time, when the two-year-olds are put to a real test, I think we shall find Mumpty making an exhibition of horses about which we hear tall stories. There is no doubt, however, that Diophon is the more promising of the two, and from what I saw of him at Newmarket, I should say he was a born stayer, and one more likely to prove a classic horse than the grey filly.

Overheard at Lingfield.

Sportswoman (to a sympathetic lady friend): "I went up to Mr. Slowburn and asked him what was the price of Houdale, and he said, 'Ten to one, but I advise you to have it at starting price.' So I said to him: 'What will the starting price be, Mr. Slowburn?' "I'm afraid I can't tell you,' he said, 'but you can do as you wish—either take ten to one, or leave it at starting price.' So I said to him: 'Well, I'll trust you. I always trust bookmakers!'"

"Going Down Well."

A reader writes: "I often hear people on the course saying, 'So-and-So has gone down well,' or 'So-and-So has gone down badly.' To my inexperienced eye they all go down the same. Is there any book published which will tell me how to distinguish between a horse that goes to the post well and a horse that goes badly?" No, sir, I don't think so. You must use your commonsense. If a horse strides out on his way to the post, it is odds on his beating another who goes down like a cat on hot bricks, with short strides and scrappy action. If you love and know horses, you won't want any books to tell you how he is feeling.

How to Become a Member of the J.C.

To the gentleman who writes to me from Bow, E., asking me what is the best way to become a member of the Jockey Club, I reply lightly: "Go to bed and dream you've been elected." I know no easier method of gaining admittance to that charmed circle.

An Artful Dodger.

I have had a curious letter from one describing himself as a "clergyman," who saying that tips are all guesswork, challenges me to give one winner a day for a week. It was a very nice letter, but it was signed "Yours truly, The Rev. J.-B.," and as clergymen do not, as a rule, sign their letters in that way, I took the trouble to make a little private investigation, only to discover the clergyman was a little newsagent and tobacconist in the North of London, who, thinking to put me on my mettle, sent forth the challenge and six stamped and addressed telegrams. What a lad!

Secret Bookmaking.

Those people who are advocating the introduction of the Pari-Mutuel into this country—and it is the only logical method by which a tax can be collected—are under the impression that bookmaking, and particularly street bookmaking, would go automatically out of business. Of course, nothing of the sort would happen. The street bookmaker would flourish; and, whilst there would be a little less noise in Tattersalls, betting would proceed in the good old way.

The Age-old Method.

An American visitor once asked the head gardener at one of the Cambridge colleges how he could make his own lawn as beautiful as the college lawn.

"Well, sir," said the gardener, "you can do it the same way as we does it. First you sows your seed, and then you rolls and cuts and rolls and cuts for about four hundred years, and at the end of that time it will be like this!"

A Suggested Clause.

I might commend that story to those active reformers who think they can ride roughshod over the wishes of a very large section of the British people. The system of betting now in vogue is the growth of hundreds of years, and the greatest improvement upon our present betting methods would be, I think, to introduce legislation for its continuance.

And one of the clauses in any new measure should be:

"Any person acting as a commission agent or bookmaker who shall welsh his client shall suffer the penalty of death by hanging, and after death he shall be cut into four parts, which shall be stuck on top of the winning posts at Sandown, Hurst, Alexandra and Kempton. Any newspaper accepting the advertisement of a welsher shall cease publication and its editor be sentenced to penal servitude for a term not less than twenty and not more than forty years."

Sports and by ROWLEY

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Liverpool Cup.

Night Patrol or Moabite can do duty for Stanley House, and I do not hesitate in declaring for the latter, who, on his best form, would hold a great chance. The stable has had a long run of ill-luck, but Liverpool may break the spell. Evander will, I think, be Mr. S. Joel's selected, and on his last performance is hardly good enough to win. More to my liking is Sun Charmer, who has come on by leaps and bounds lately and has shown to much advantage in recent gallops with Irish Belfry and Glass Idol that I think he will certainly be our best, and will go very close if not winning outright.

Molyneux Cup.

Some very useful sprinters compete here, and the race will be a keen and interesting one. Sicyon is right at the top of his form just now and must be very dangerous. In fact, I can see nothing to beat him. Linby and Golden Bud are two of our best sprinters, and it will be a race worth seeing should they both go to the post, but I think Sicyon will give a few pounds away to both of them. Americus Boy is not badly handicapped, but he has such a dislike for the starting gate that I am afraid to recommend him. If caught in the right mood, and ridden by a capable light weight, Plaon might upset all calculations. The race is a very open one, but I know that Sicyon is being specially reserved for it, and make him my selection.

The Abbeystead Plate.

Silurian, I understand, will represent Lord Derby, and will take a lot of beating. He has been kept on the move since being narrowly beaten by Triumph. Captain Fracasse has lost his best form. Any will go close if this is his selected race, and Bessema is now at her best. Brimbo has been doing well lately, but seems to have a knack of getting left. Regret is going in his best style again; but is heavily engaged, and if this is the race chosen I shall couple him with Silurian, having a slight preference for the latter.

Croxteth Stakes.

Catalani has been going well lately, and if this is the race his connections think of winning, he will go very close as also will Phaon, if kept for this. Corban has a chance on his best form. The two bottom weights, Black Fairy and Jason, are very live candidates. The former is very well now, and whatever happens here she will pay to follow. Jason has been showing up well with some of de Mestre's best.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

LIVERPOOL (Wednesday).

2.0 Ben Strome (Tonio).
2.30 Vermena (Tip Tree).
3.0 Torlonia (Twelve Pointer, Pombal).
3.30 Crowdennis (Morning Light, Zoomp).
4.0 Araujo (Pont Royal, Equator).
4.30 Eulalia (Pilgrim's March, Cookpit).

LIVERPOOL (Thursday).

2.0 Click (Ballot).
2.30 Phaon (Ladies' Lace, Woodman).
3.0 La Paloma c. (Ballast, High Court).
3.30 Sierra Leone (Highbrow, Thoughtless).
4.0 Invermery (Louvetan).
4.30 Crispena (Moabite, Friar).

LIVERPOOL (Friday).

1.30 Cock Laird (Longcoat).
2.30 Nonentity (Lily L.).
2.50 Katie (A.B.C., Murray).
3.25 LIVERPOOL CUP—Sun Charmer (Red Fire, Clochnaben).
3.55 Inkerman (Tricky Aunt, Klanxie).
4.25 Eulalia (Glow c.).

HURST PARK (Friday).

2.0 White Cat (College Green, Stanbest).
2.30 Home Fire (Warrington, Aneide c.).
3.0 Pondeland (Ulula, Miss Majority).
3.30 Equator (Beresford, Books Yeoman).
4.0 Gabrielle (Phoenix, Sans Gueret).
4.30 Rashway (Great Joy, Sangraal).

HURST PARK (Saturday).

2.0 (Green Wheat (Graceful Baby, Cotford).
2.30 Azimuth (Gabrielle, Vendricourt).
3.0 Righteous (Angoni, Olioli).
3.30 Hilarion Blast (Santavon, Young Pe...).
4.0 Pittendrum (Royal Crescent, Impudence).
4.30 Double Court (King Throstle, Clarence).

Sportsmen

MILE

horses, and might easily win here, but I give my vote to Catalani, who can have strong handling, and who at his best is very useful.

Vyner Handicap, Hurst Park.

Pondoland, I think, will run, and I cannot see anything likely to beat him. He goes well enough in his gallops to suggest that he could win anything. The distance, seven furlongs, is exactly to his liking. Plas Newydd has a chance if the ground is soft, otherwise I have no fancy for him. Pondoland is nicely handicapped and has my confident vote.

Kingston Handicap.

Although only three may be sent to Hurst Park from here for this race, it is quite likely the winner will be amongst them. Ruy Blas has had a good preparation. False Note will take a lot of beating, as she is a fairly good stayer. Our other runner, Kent Eaglet, I like the best of ours. He has not been seen out since running a good third to Great Joy and Galway Prince over the same course and distance, and meets his conquerors on a few pounds better terms. He has made good progress since, and I take him to represent me.

Lambton Gold Cup.

Only five horses from headquarters are left in this race, but I think there are big hopes of bringing the race here. Argo's last running, when third to Bessema and Advantage, bears inspection. He has done some capital gallops since, and should the going be anything like good, I should not look elsewhere for the winner. Piccadilly on her best form has a good chance, but Argo is undoubtedly our best, and will take a great deal of beating.

* * *

Floey has not been seen in public this year, but is now going well enough to win a minor event, which I believe will be the Hill House All Aged Selling Plate at Liverpool on Wednesday.

Watch Little Witch.

Another who has been going very well in home gallops lately is Little Witch. This colt cannot fail to be placed to win, and a special note should be made of him.

* * *

Blue Sol has been out several times, but is still a maiden. From the way he has been shaping in recent spins with Witty, it will not be long before he earns winning brackets, and his opportunity may come in the Grasmere Maiden Three Year Old Selling on Thursday at Liverpool.

* * *

One of Lambton's best youngsters is Pilgrim's March. He has been out twice and the experience has done him a lot of good. He runs for the Jolliffe Two-Year-Old Plate at Liverpool on Friday, and should be backed.

Ecila Coming Along.

Ecila is a very useful sprinter. He has several engagements close at hand, and should be watched, as I am certain he is going to be returned as a winner shortly.

Although Wayward c. failed to score at Lingfield, he has been well galloped and will win shortly, probably at Redcar.

* * *

Bellman has missed several engagements lately. He is no doubt intended to win one of the back-end handicaps. I think he is just the type of horse to win a Cesarewitch, but it is quite likely he will be seen in winning colours before then. He has started doing good work, and may win the Ebor Handicap, for which race I learn he is to be prepared.

ALL KINDS OF SPORT.

The Carpentier-Siki match is off. The Carpentier-Beckett match is positively on. And the first fixture having been postponed, the amended fight substituted is due at the Albert Hall instead of Olympia.

* * *

In the meantime, is there a new champion coming along? I ask this in all deference, scanning the horizon for a sign of a male fist. In other words, is Beckett the best thing we've got in boxers?

* * *

I think it would be a good idea for some of the bigwig educational authorities who are interested in the sport to go thoroughly into the question. The standard of public school boxing is getting lower and lower—due largely to the fact that the average boxing instructor at a school is also gymnasium instructor, and whilst he may be a dab at walking on his hands, or leaping blithely over the horizontal bars, he may not be, and generally is not, the best kind of teacher to coach the young idea in the manly art. Comb out the school instructors, is my advice. You'll never get a champion in this country till you start at the bottom and weed out the inefficient professors.

* * *

I did not go to the Eton and Harrow match, but I am told that Eton's cricket was brilliant in the extreme, and that Harrow's was mighty poor. I have already made some references in these pages to the methods the Harrovian authorities employ in choosing their cricketers. Favouritism may be the secret of efficiency as Jacky Fisher wrote in the logbook of Osborne, but it doesn't exactly work out in school cricket!

HORSES TO NOTE.

Argent (2 yrs.).—This youngster would have beaten Vivid c. quite easily at Lingfield had he got off on even terms with the winner. He should take a "seller" in the near future.

Our William (6 yrs.).—A big horse, and none too sound, this customer, curiously enough, is at his best on hard ground. He was the victim of bad luck at Salisbury.

Hunting Song (4 yrs.).—It may be as well to remember that this horse is better over five furlongs than six. At the former distance he is quite useful.

Heron (2 yrs.).—Although apparently unfancied, this colt ran remarkably well behind Tilia at Lingfield. We may have to wait until the nursery season, but he is sure to win a race.

Phaon (3 yrs.).—An idea appears to exist that this colt does not quite get six furlongs, though the fact has not been definitely proved. Anyhow, there can be no denying his speed.

Spring Running (2 yrs.).—It was the luck of the draw which brought about this colt's defeat at Pontefract. He should shortly do Lord Howard de Walden's apricot jacket a good turn.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Sun Charmer, who at the last moment was withdrawn from the London Cup at Alexandra Park, is probably considered to have a chance at Liverpool.

* * *

Despite his victory in last year's Cesarewitch, Light Dragoon is not a true stayer. He is better over a mile and a half than any longer distance.

* * *

One wonders what the feelings of Walter Langlands, the auctioneer, must be when he is offering for sale one of his own horses. It must be galling, in these circumstances, to have to try to elicit an extra bid!

* * *

Beckhampton is very strong in the two-year-old department this season. Tom Finch, Spaewife, Despatch and other debutantes are said to be likely winners at Goodwood.

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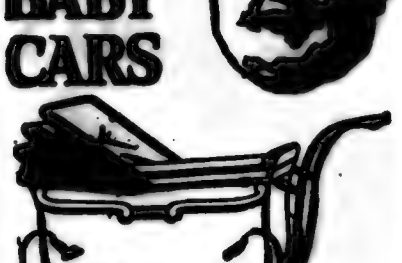

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Those Public Sweepstakes.

Sir John Foster Fraser's recent article "Money for Jam," is the most honest exposition of gambling and sweepstakes that I have ever seen. The Government action of distinguishing between sweepstakes amongst clubmen and sweepstakes "open to the public" is akin to class legislation of the most dangerous and irritating type. Public opinion is overwhelmingly in favour of sweepstakes when properly conducted, and the recent official refusal to extend the scope of the Committee on Betting Taxation to consider Sweepstakes is deplorable. Lofty indifference to public opinion cost Mr. Shortt his job: is the lesson already forgotten?—*Fairplay, Jersey.*

When the Jury Disagree.

The recent deplorable case in which an unfortunate man had to stand his trial on no fewer than four occasions before he was discharged has aroused much comment. During the trial, the Judge said that there was no law under which he could release the man, who could be charged as many times as the prosecution desired. Such a state of affairs cannot be tolerated, and, in my opinion, if the jury in a criminal case disagree, the accused man is entitled to his release. It is almost impossible to get an unbiased jury after a disagreement, whilst the accused is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. By far better let half-a-dozen guilty persons escape than sentence a single innocent one.—*G. S., Preston.*

The Cancer Campaign.

In view of the enormous quantities of artificial chemical manures which are used to-day in agricultural districts in producing food-stuffs, I suggest the possibility of this being the cause of cancer, and if statistics could be obtained from districts where artificial manures are freely used, and from other districts where only natural manures are used, perhaps it would enlighten us, and a clue might be found. While the public are protected against adulterated food in most cases, it seems as if vegetables, etc., can be sold irrespective of the means used in their production. A little more energy spent in trying to find the cause and prevention of cancer would ultimately mean that less energy would be needed in finding a cure.—*T. W., Plymouth.*

The Legitimacy Bill.

I have been waiting years for the passing of the Legitimacy Bill, and now I see that such as I are to be cut out. Surely there are thousands like myself whose parents married, and it is only right that they should now claim a share in its benefits. I am 31 years of age and both my parents and myself have been looking forward to this Bill doing something for me at last. It should be open to benefit all ages who wish to take advantage of it. If not, then it makes our case worse than when there was no Bill.—*One of the Outcasts, Yorkshire.*

Reward for Honesty.

To encourage honesty amongst people finding lost property a ruling should be passed to the effect that not less than 1 per cent. of the value of articles lost should be given by the owner to the finder on handing over the property. Such ridiculous rewards as a couple of bananas for returning a wallet containing £1,000, and 5s. for returning a firm's employees' wages do not encourage honesty. The largest offenders that have presented themselves are Government Departments.—*F. D., Leeds.*

The Latest "Mrs. Grundy."

Why are our chaste clergy so fearful of the community being contaminated by visions of bare legs and arms? Is it a mere "matter of form," or are they fearful that with the shedding of clothes, our women are likely to discard the "cloak" of religion? The agitation smacks too much of Stiggins to be genuine or creditable to its originators. If these clerical critics of attenuated costumes are appalled by any semblance of nudity, let them shudder at the barelegged and inadequately clothed little denizens of slums, and endeavour to cover *their* bodies.—*T. McC., Birmingham.*

Helping the Rings.

"The Ministry of Health refuses to allow local authorities to purchase Foreign cement, and up go the prices charged by the Rings.—"JOHN BULL.

The price of British cement has done nothing but go down for the past two years. The British Portland Cement trade is controlled by a federation of the makers, who mutually agree on the prices to be charged to the various towns and also as to the percentage of profit to be allowed to the merchants. Does this "Ring" mean that prices are kept abnormally high? Hard facts refute any such idea. The price is regulated by *supply and demand and nothing else.*

The Belgian competition has rarely been sufficiently serious to affect the price of the British goods. In any case these are *not* normal times, and I say a corporation have absolutely no right to buy Belgian when every ton so purchased must necessarily mean a certain addition to the doles paid to out-of-work men.—*A. L. Roberts, 5, New Brown Street, Manchester.*

Foreign Labour.

When will the authorities take steps to check the rapidly increasing influx of undesirable aliens into this country? A great percentage of these immigrants are comparatively destitute; they settle in our large industrial centres; will not join Trades Unions, and later, when skilled in the trade of their adoption, accept a low standard of wages which creates a class of labour seriously menacing the interests of the British workman.—*A. V. B., Grantham.*

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(see back page)

One Man, One Job.

I have often noticed that whenever there is a position of trust, such as timekeeper, door-keeper, bank-messenger advertised, an ex-policeman secures it. There are hundreds of ex-soldiers (without pensions) who have quite as good qualifications for the post walking the streets in despair. It would be much better if prospective employers would refuse to give a position to any one with a pension sufficient for his needs, or to anyone with a daytime job.—*R. P., Wolverhampton.*

The Consumer Pays.

The dockers' strike has once more exemplified the accuracy of the old tag: "the consumer pays." The result has been a jump in prices all round, even in the case of goods that are never handled by the dockers at all. Home grown produce and home-killed beef have advanced in line with foreign produce and imported meat, yet the dockers' dispute could in no way have affected the former commodities. It is quite time the public took a bigger interest in thwarting the gigantic food ramp that is bleeding the country.—*G. G., Burnley.*

Trades That Kill.

Necessity forces many workpeople into dangerous occupations—a circumstance to which the Home Office seems strangely indifferent. Quite a large list could be compiled of trades that kill, but this only one: In the foundry and engineering workshop, an extensively used tool is the grinding wheel, which, through the medium of grit-laden dust clouds, proves terribly destructive to the operator's lungs. By the use of powerful fans, and air suction pipes it is possible, however, to eliminate the dust cloud. It is incumbent on the authorities to step up the factory inspectors and to have that such deplorable conditions be rectified.—*H. S., Oakworth.*

Panel Doctors Again.

Over two years ago the National Health Commissioners increased the Maternity benefit from 20s. to £2 as such an amount was the minimum for such an occasion.

The doctors immediately raised their charge by ten shillings (in my case, 12s.). Should not this be made illegal? They draw yearly on behalf of us on the panels, even though we may never call trouble them for a consultation. It comes extra hard when we also have to nurse or midwife, a woman in the house and all the extra washing to pay for out of 24s. 6d. per week in wages.—*J. B., Eye.*

Clearing Refuse.

The health of the community would be greatly benefited if dustbins were cleared oftener than once a week. During the summer months especially, a large amount of decaying matter accumulates from Sunday until the following Saturday.

This constitutes a danger to health. It should be possible for Borough Councils in congested areas to have the dustbins emptied twice a week.—*W. B., Highbury.*

Better Public Houses.

Is it likely that the Government which has just passed Lady Astor's Bill to prevent the serving of young persons under 18 years of age will give heed for the passing of a measure on the lines of the Public House Improvement Bill? The People's Refreshment House Association provides a satisfactory type of public house. Why cannot the ordinary trade do likewise?—*D. C. D., Cricklewood.*

10,000 AILING PEOPLE WANTED

Month's Treatment sent —no fee unless benefited

The vitalising powers of our natural medicine are so astonishing that you would hardly believe them, even if we published all the 24,000 testimonials that we have received. Therefore we do not ask you to believe, or to pay one penny piece until you have proved what it can do for you. We will send you a whole month's treatment—over 100 doses—on your simple promise to try whether Vita-Ore will do for you what it has done and is doing for other sufferers in your town and every other part of the Kingdom. If you say you are no better, it has cost you nothing. It cannot possibly do you any harm. There is not an atom of poison or harmful element in it, and it is quite pleasant to take; you drink it instead of water. All our tens of thousands of customers first tried Vita-Ore at our risk. We want 10,000 more ailing persons to do the same. Many people who suffered from serious chronic ailments, like Neuritis, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, and affections of the kidneys and bladder, which nothing seemed to touch, have told us that Vita-Ore worked like magic. The most desperate cases have been cured. Your case may seem equally hopeless, and yet without a farthing of risk you can at least try what Vita-Ore can do. Perhaps your ailment is of a less serious nature. You may be merely run-down, a little anæmic, a sufferer from dyspepsia or inability to digest and derive benefit from your food; you may be nervous or neuralgic, or may suffer from those distressing backaches and pains in the side, if a woman. Never a day passes without some sufferer just like yourself writing to us, delighted with the effects of Vita-Ore, and proving that he or she is benefited, by sending the money. That is all we ask—that if you feel better you shall pay the very small price of 4s. 6d. for the whole month's strengthening, vitalising, curative treatment.

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Vita-Ore is not a patent medicine or quack remedy; it contains no drugs. The Government analysts exempted it from patent medicine stamp duty. *The Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vita-Ore."

Vita-Ore is a natural remedy, which cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable, your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with, but you are better all over, too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vita-Ore.

WHAT VITAE-ORE HAS CURED.

The vitalising and rejuvenating effects of Vita-Ore are proved by the great variety of ailments which it has cured. They include such things as:—

Anæmia	Rheumatism and
Neuralgia	Neurasthenia
Headaches	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and Bladder
Lumbago	Weakness
St. Vitus' Dance	Chronic Catarrh
Dyspepsia	Sluggish Liver and
Chronic Indigestion	All run-down conditions due to the
Eruptions of the Skin	Stomach, Kidneys,
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You can try the effect of Vita-Ore for a month, without sending any money. Simply fill up the coupon at foot and post to us and we send you enough to furnish a dose a day for a whole month. If you feel the benefit, you undertake to send 4s. 6d. only. If not you have only to write and say so and we cancel the bill.

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DO NOT MISS THIS.

The benefits which thousands have derived from Vita-Ore are so great that you owe it to yourself to take advantage of this very liberal offer. The price that you pay, if benefited, is so very small that you would surely not grudge it: 4s. 6d. is little enough for renewed vitality, better spirits, marked increase in bodily and mental vigour, and the delightful sense of well-being that comes from the full vitality that Vita-Ore practically always gives. If you think for a moment you can see that it must succeed, for if nearly every one did not feel visibly benefited we should not receive enough remittances to pay the cost of doing business. Vita-Ore must have more vitalising power than anything else, for no other medicine is offered you on these terms.

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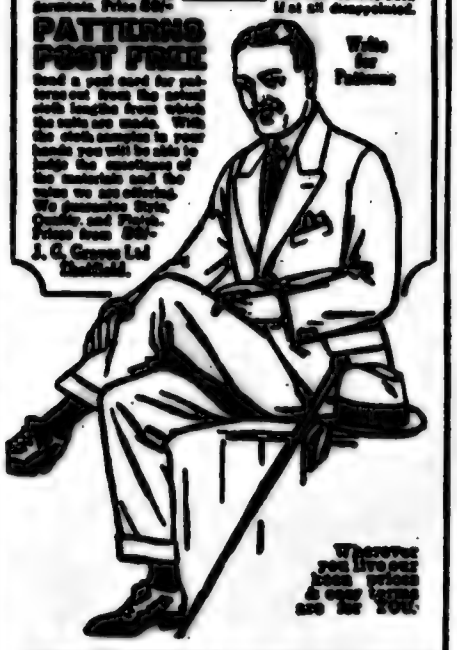

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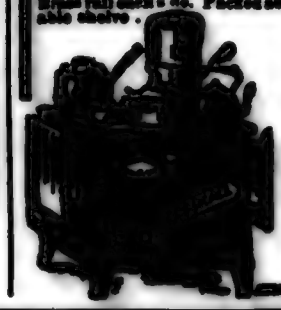

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SARTOR RAINCOATS (famous all over the world) are tailored by experts from a fully proofed Gabardine with every check lining, and are suitable for all occasions.

SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address on a postcard and we will forward a full range of FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths'), and an accurate self-measurement form.

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SIS (Dartford).—"I love sailors." Then you simply *must* see us in our yachting cap.

C. K. (Sudbury).—"Marriage sobers a man." It certainly does frequently interfere with his spirits.

D. W. R. (Highgate).—"What clothes should a man wear in really hot weather?" Depends on what clothes he's got.

GEORGE (S. Shields).—"I can't stand mean people." And if you did they wouldn't "stand" you back.

M. O. E. (Bayswater).—"The modern youth has jazz on the brain." Most of them have bands on their hats, anyhow.

W. S. (Cathcart).—"My wife and I look upon each other as fools." Perhaps you're both right.

T. J. (Lancaster).—"A woman can do anything a man can do." What about growing whiskers?

R. K. T.-W. (Bristol).—"Clearly you are a broad-minded man." Yes, sir! *And* deep.

N. A. (Hastings).—"The demand among holiday makers is for books of the 'giddy type.'" And, naturally, they come from the circulating library.

B. R. (Manchester).—"Irresponsible youths don't know where to stop when at the seaside." Then they should book their rooms in advance.

P. S. (Scotland).—"What good did the suspended members do their cause?" None whatever, but it gives the other members a rest!

THREE-FARTHINGS (Beith).—"In the big stores, the bargain department is always in the basement." Perhaps that's where the prices come down to.

T. R. B. (Southfields).—"It's difficult to get round the modern woman." And if the crinoline fashion catches on, it'll be more difficult still.

K. T. (Leicester).—"The average woman spends more on hats than the average man does on a complete outfit." Don't worry! It's on her own head.

P. L. T. (Bournemouth).—"I myself am at my best mentally in the early morning." Then we should think you wrote us sometime about midnight.

A. B. W. (Stratford).—"Experience has taught me that a mainly fruit diet is the healthiest." And apparently your views are based on inside knowledge.

T. R. K. (Girvan).—"You hardly ever hear of a man bringing an action for breach of promise." Of course not. Does the condemned man seek compensation when reprieved?

B. R. (Renfrew).—"People in society simply don't matter." Depends entirely on what society they're in.

G. L. (Bedford).—"Thought is a much finer thing than language." But language is often ever so much stronger.

J. A. (Willesden).—"Men are much too interested in clubs." Women, of course, prefer diamonds.

Disgusted (Leigh).—"My last gas bill was about twice what it should have been." Then you must turn it down.

S. W. (Newcastle).—"I take it you are not a tee-totaler." Then, if you take it you're not a tee-totaler either.

R. A. McG. (Jordan Hill).—"It only takes a trifle to upset some people." Personally, we never eat the stuff.

A. D. D. (Brede).—"City people don't really know what it is to see a sun-set." Still, we see the sun rise pretty frequently.

TRUST (Kildonan).—"Husband and wife should endeavour to pull together." But it must be in the same direction.

R. B. W. (Derby).—"Pretty girls fancy themselves too much." We fancy them a good deal ourselves.

F. M. (Consett).—"Ideas are contagious." Then, judging by your letter, you've been inoculated.

T. W. (Paddington).—"Corporal punishment is a barbarism—it is behind the times." We knew that invariably it was behind somewhere.

H. G. (Selby).—"The inanity of half the films we see is past speaking about." Then they're *really* wordless plays.

D. A. (Edgware).—"When must I send in my shot at the Great Poster Ballot." On or before July 31. The whole of the nett proceeds will be devoted to the British Olympic Association Fund.

W. M. (Bury).—"My wife received the King's bounty, but what do I get?" Under the circumstances we assume the answer to be triplets.

F. K. (Swansea).—"We don't pay school-teachers to give our children home-lessons." If they haven't asked you to be paid for it, don't worry!

E. H. C. (Margate).—"The first and second coaches always fare worse in railway accidents." And the first and second coaches are usually thirds.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

MISS M. (Hampstead).—"They should call us maids, not servants." Yes! Miss!

J. D. (Chiswick).—"Youth must be served." Sure! But not after closing-time.

C. F. H. (Guildford).—"I gave up backing horses years ago." So you're old enough to be no better.

T. H. R. (Cookham).—"They think it funny to get me to pay for everything." Sounds like a standing joke to us.

L. P. (Newcastle).—"I am thinking of sending you a two-page poem." Think again.

MRS. H. (Margate).—"I am making *Bullets* on the sands." Win the £250 and it will keep you off the rocks.

D. W. V. (Liverpool).—"A man always looks presentable if his boots are clean." Certainly it shows polish.

CUPID (Hong Kong).—"The time has arrived when readers of JOHN BULL should be linked together." A chain with nigh a million links!

A. T. (Ringwood).—"Ladies should find it a pleasure to keep themselves sometimes." Reads like incitement to kleptomania.

E. A. (Lugard).—"We must keep our hold over the Seas." Yes Sir! And see to it that our hold carries the world's merchandise.

M. P. (Chelsea).—"Nobody is buying pictures these days." And according to the Art Critics nobody is painting them either.

D. K. (King's Cross).—"Many a black man is white at heart." Granted! And many a black man is coal black right through.

S. S. (Brighton).—"The enclosed is a great scandal." So great that the envelope wasn't big enough to hold it, eh?

M. F. (Hythe).—"It isn't good growing weather we've been having." Not so sure! We've had to shave just as often as usual.

T. H. L. (Wick).—"The rural villages appear to be inhabited entirely by aged people." Why not? They've nothing else to do but grow old.

T. R. P. (Maida Vale).—"Can you suggest ten books for a desert island?" We can suggest ten desert islands for some of the books we've read lately.

CARBINE (Johannesburg).—"I'm coming to England shortly as my doctor has ordered me a change of climate." Good! You'll get what the doctor ordered every day here.

O. J. W. (Walton).—"Americans are at present having a business boom which has never been experienced." Letting their imagination run away with them, aren't they?

P. F. S. (Crewe).—"My boy's a fine runner." Ours is a little Walker.

WAITING (Hyde).—"Englishmen will gamble." You bet.

W. A. C. (N. 7.).—"Ice cream requires ice." No wonder it always tastes cold.

D. D. (Shrewsbury).—"What's wrong is I'm too good." If that's right it's too bad.

G. W. (Ripon).—"A woman's as old as she thinks she is." Then no wonder so many of them say what they think.

TERRY (Preston).—"Money doesn't come from the clouds." What a lot of aviators there would be if it did.

A. W. (Rochdale).—"After all, little old England takes some beating." And gives some —— good hidings.

G. H. (Ilford).—"It's a shame to say that sailors have wives in every port." Never mind! Sailors don't care.

J. H. (Portland).—"Lip sticks, face creams and powders should be abolished." Who was she, old man?

TRIPPER (W.C.).—"There's something delightfully fresh about the London girl." Fresh as paint, some of them.

J. D. T. (Bradford).—"We've a reputation for wisdom in Yorkshire." You have—in Yorkshire.

JACKIE (Aston).—"What is the usual period for a couple to be engaged?" Right up to the day they get married.

K. G. (Taplow).—"Neither of my parents are over-burdened with intelligence." If there's anything in heredity, they're not.

S. N. (Maidstone).—"I cannot cover the whole ground in this letter." Still, from the look of your letter we should think you've tried.

FAKE (New Romney).—"Everything in the country is very backward." On the other hand, last week-end we thought the flappers decidedly forward.

B. H. (Leeds).—"Many men are having their suits turned and dyed instead of buying new ones." Then the dying industry must be anything but.

B. P. A. (Wycombe).—"Are people happier as a result of Sunday resolutions"? Certainly they are—and healthier.

E. T. R. (Portrush).—"I'm continually being victimised because I'm generous to a fault." Perhaps it's your own fault you're generous to.

B. S. (Poole).—"I did not write you three weeks ago as I intended." Very possibly that's why we didn't get your letter.

ANGUS O (Beith).—"Meanwhile we must keep our powder dry." Which reminds us we promised to buy the wife a new umbrella.

SUNBEAM (St. John's Wood).—"There is not a single drinking fountain in Trafalgar Square." Perhaps that's what makes Charing Cross.

PARASITE (Hereford).—"My girl has a sister who accompanies us every time we go out. What would you do about it?" Why not hire a char-a-banc and take the whole family along!

A. T. S. (Kennington).—"Waiters depend on their tips for their living." And, up to now, we've been under the delusion that there were plenty of waiters in Scotland.

A COOK (Barnet Green).—"If domestic servants were paid by the hour mistresses would be anxious to shorten them." Most domestic servants were shortened some years ago.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

HURRY UP! and get your 2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE!

See Page 26

Positively the last 10 Days!

So great is the demand for these Shirts from our previous adverts that this offer will have to be withdrawn. Order—before it is too late!

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You can Safely send your Order.

Remember, all shirts are sold under the "'John Bull' Guarantee of Complete Satisfaction or Money Back in Full" and our own guarantee given below. Send your order therefore at once and judge them on their merits. If you are not more than pleased with them—the remedy is in your own hands. Anyway, you will not be a penny out of pocket.

CURZON'S SPECIAL GUARANTEE.

We guarantee that if any of these shirts fade as the result of exposure to sunlight, or if the colour runs in the wash, we will replace them absolutely free of cost to the customer.

This guarantee holds good for a period of SIX MONTHS from date of purchase.

When ordering state size of collar worn. This is one-half size larger than the size of shirt. Thus, if you take a 16-inch linen collar you require a 15½ shirt, etc.

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3rd PRIZE	£350

and numerous other Cash Prizes from £200 to £1

THE WHOLE OF THE NET PROCEEDS AFTER PAYING EXPENSES WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE BRITISH OLYMPIC ASSOCIATION

ENTER TO-DAY.—THERE IS TIME YET. NEXT WEEK WILL BE TOO LATE.

SEND AT ONCE a P.O. or CHEQUE FOR 2/6 FOR TICKET AND FREE POSTER SHEET, OR A BOOK OF SIX FOR 12/6

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

You only have to vote for **10** out of **15** popular posters in the way they appeal most to you. You don't have to go out of doors searching for posters. On receipt from you of the application form (see below) and an entry fee of 2/6 we will send you a sheet on which we have reproduced the 15 posters in miniature, and a voting coupon. At the close of competition, every vote will be counted by a leading firm of chartered accountants and the Ballot decided in accordance with the votes of the majority.

CUT HERE

APPLICATION FORM.

To the Manager, Great Poster Ballot, 198, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I enclose Postal Order value ..... for ..... Coupon in the Great Poster Ballot. Please send Illustrated Ballot Sheet with full particulars and instructions.
(Write distinctly in Plain Block Letters)

Name (in full) Mr., Mrs. or Miss.....

Address .....

.....

Date..... Cross Postal Order //& Co.//

Cut out, address as above—and post at once (½d. stamp). You can apply for as many Coupons as you wish, provided you enclose 2/6 for each.
Cheques and Postal Orders to be made payable to J. Weiner, Ltd.

From 5/- DEPOSIT.

PRAMS
FOLDERS
PUSH CHAIRS

Cash or Easy Payments.

You can obtain a high-grade Pram, Folder, or Push Chair, heavily plated and beautifully finished, on payment of a small deposit. Being ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS we save you shop profits.

PRICES from 50/- Packed and delivered free. Money returned if not satisfactory. Send TO-DAY for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.

ENDURANCE MFG. CO.,
Dept. J.B., Sheepcote St., Birmingham

£5 5s. CASH

12/6 Monthly

In all you pay for our 10/6 Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such convenient pay terms. Bright, strong, richly enamelled, fitted in colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid, on

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money re-funded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled enamels, tyres and accessories. We are also shop prices. Write TO-DAY for lists, and catalogue.

MEAD

Cycle Company (1919) Ltd.
Dept. B.207F, Birmingham

4/- by Post

PRICE LIST FREE.

Here is your opportunity to buy high-class Tailor made clothes on easy terms. We offer you this smart All Wool Lady's Sports Coat with wide roll collar, cuffs, belt, &c., in silver jade, nigger, rose, white, fawn or fruity, for 20/- or 4/- monthly, send 4/- now and say which colour we shall send you. For those who require a smart Tailor made Coat Frock, we illustrate our No. 267 in All Wool Jersey finish 56 in. Navy, Nigger or Black, Braided and Fur stitched, price 39/6 or 4/6 deposit and 4/6 monthly. We also illustrate our No. 67 Costume, the latest creation made in All Wool Glen Grey Check; perfect cut and finish that will please the most particular, price only 39/6 or 4/6 deposit and 4/6 monthly. Send deposit now with bust measure and say which garment we shall send you.

MASTERS, LTD., 65, Hope Stores, RYE.

The Kynaston Method

DR. KYNASTON, the well-known West-End Specialist, definitely states that

95%

OF THE OPERATIONS FOR

Adenoids & Tonsils

are totally unnecessary.

Refuse the Knife.

THE KYNASTON METHOD is applied at home; it is wonderfully effective for

CATARRH

Both Treatments are adapted to ADULTS and CHILDREN. The Institute is under the direction of a British Medical man. Write (enclosing 2d. stamp)

DIRECTOR,
THE KYNASTON INSTITUTE,
Chilton House, Southampton Row, W.C.1

Don't say

'A packet of cigarette papers.'
It's too long
Say "A.G."
Then you're *quite sure* of getting the best.

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS

The *BEST* the world produces.

Piles

are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies.

"Pyllna" Powders (harmless) taken in a little tea, milk or water remove the causes and speedily cure or prevent attack.

M.D. (Lond.): "*Act far more quickly and efficiently than usual treatment.*"

2/9 & 5/- box
from "PYLLNA,"
3, Farringdon Road,
London, E.C.1

Send for FREE Sample of VEGETINE PILLS

We make this offer feeling sure that when you have tried Vegetine Pills you will only be too glad to recommend them to your friends. Notice how quickly the spots and pimples vanish, and that sluggish and heavy feeling disappears. Vegetine Pills act quickly, tone the system, and produce a clear complexion.

DAVID MACGREGOR Co., Ltd., Newcastle.

Meltis CHOCOLATE **Marshmallows**

(Regd.)

Don't be Too Late

SEND NO MONEY!

In order to introduce the new 5/6 "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Masterpiece Model Pen (complete with clip), fitted with solid 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, and safety screw cap, we are offering with the pen a

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

Thousands of "John Bull" readers have taken advantage of this splendid offer and secured their FREE 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. Have you got yours? Send TO-DAY!

CUT HERE

Send no money. Available for 10 days only. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 5 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 5 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B. 28.7.23 Date.....

"WORTH DOUBLE!"
'Pen and Pencil . . . finest I have used. The Pen is worth nearly double the price.' (Sd)H. FRANKS
Sheffield.

A NOBLE TRAMP

Homeless Wanderer's Wonderful Example

"THERE is a noble manner of being poor, and who does not know it will never be rich," said one of the old Roman sages. There is something of that nobility about the action of a homeless tramp who wrote to us last week, enclosing 2½d. in stamps. His letter is dated "On the road to anywhere—that is, nowhere, July 15th," and reads as follows:—

"Dear Sirs,—I have just read about your 'Greatest of These—' Fund by chance, and am sending half of what I have. May it be of some little use. I am down and out, and fed up with tramping for work myself, and all I have in this world is 4d. Half to you is 2d. and a stamp, ½d., net result 1½d. Put that to your 2d. = 2½d. Well, please excuse my cheek in writing, and may God bless your Fund. I am writing under difficulties, but my letter may stir somebody up with some money. I shall get some when I pawn my shirt.—I remain, A Wanderer."

Surely this homeless wanderer, who has so nobly divested himself of his last coin in order to help to succour others in distress, will go on his way to anywhere with a song in his heart!

Our assistance has been invoked on behalf of an aged widow to whom the war has brought a succession of sorrows and perplexities. A few years ago she was living in a comfortable home in Bournemouth, surrounded by a devoted family. Her eldest son was among the first to make the great sacrifice, and soon afterwards another son was killed in France. Then a daughter died, and the home was finally broken up when her husband died after a long illness.

The poor old widow is now living in one room with her only remaining daughter and a grandchild whose father was killed in France before it was born. Her only means of subsistence is her old Age Pension and the few shillings her daughter is able to earn by occasional charing. For the last few weeks these earnings have been very small as the little one has been seriously ill and has required all a mother's care and attention. The doctor's bill remains partially unpaid and the child has to undergo an operation.

The clergyman who commends the case to our consideration has kindly undertaken to supply milk for the little sufferer, and we have made a grant from the Fund to meet pressing needs.

Will you not, with the wonderful example of that homeless tramp before you, help us to alleviate more of such distress? "As the purse is emptied the heart is filled." So may you learn the luxury of doing good. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. M. E. J., 1s.; "Cymro," 2s.; Mrs. C. (Croydon), 2s. 6d.; D. R., 2s.; M. C., 1s.; W. O. G., 2s.; M. B. E., 5s.; L. B., 2s.; "Ryland," 1s. 6d.; G. A. F., 2s. 3d.; Mrs. J. A. P., 6d.; "Widow of Fleet," 4d.; "Mother of Seven" (Gloucestershire), parcel; C. F. G. (Fed. Malay States), £1; "Ninth" (Preston), 2s. 6d.; Miss J. McF., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H. B. (Oldham), 5s.; Anon., 2d.; "Merka," 2s. 6d.; Kell, £1; "Blacksmith," 2s. 6d.; A. K. (A.T.L.), 10s.; A. L., 2s.; T. M. S., 2s. 6d.; "Soldier's Mother," 10s.; "Tar. Win.," 1s.; "Barnes," 1s.; R. F., 1s.; "Orphan's Mite," 6d.; "In Memory of My Dear Son," G. M., 1s. 6d.; "Hopeful," 1s.; "Shylock," 1s.; J. D., 6d.; W. T., 5½d.; O. A. C., 3d.; "Unsuccessful Bulletteer," 1s.; W. C. J., 1s. 3d.; Anon. (Dover), 2s. 6d.; O. K. B., 6½d.; "No Luck Never," 2d.; "Gobray," £1 0s. 4½d.; J. O. R., 2s. 2½d.; J. H. B., 1s. 6d.; E. M. B., 9d.; J. M. (Donnybrook), 7s. 6d.; Anon. (Eastbourne), 1s.; N. F., 1s. 9d.; "As Near As Possible," 6½d.; "2/9ths" (Beccles), 10s.; "Mother," 1s. 7½d.; P. K. H., 2s.; "Old Shenback," 2s. 6d.; "Girl Guide," 5s.; "Shepherd's Bush," 5½d.; "Bankrupt Actor," 1s. 11d.; J. G., 1s. 6½d.; "Thankful" (Bexhp), 10s.; "Ewell," 2s. 3d.; "Folkestone," 1½d.; "Star of Hope," 3d.; "Blackfriars," 3d.; "Cess," 2d.; R. R., 1s. 2d.; A. M., 3½d.; C. H. S., 2s. 6d.; "Worker," 7½d.; "Twinkles," 7½d.; Ann, 6d.; G. T., 2s.; D. H., 3d.; "Out of Work," 2d.; "Hull," 3d.; "Radcliffe," 9d.; E. C., 2s. 1d.; "Nanny," 2s. 6d.; "Believer," 5d.; "Highlander," 1s. 3d.; "Unemployed," 9d.; "Hopeful Niner," 6d.; T. S., 1s.; "Eminch," 4s. 7½d.; "Unemployed," 6d.; "Milverton," 1s. 2½d.; F. M., 6d.; "Lucky, Happy Winner," 1s. 4d.; "Toby," 4½d.; "XIDA," 7½d.; H. W. M., 1s 7d.; "Our Stan," 3d.; "C. S. 9th," 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Fleetwood), 5s.; "Mr. M. "Soval," 1s. 6d.; "Stellvours," 9d.; "Sandy Skinned," 4d.; "Bullite," 1s.; "Wednesday," 4½d.; J. J. B., 2s. 6d.; "Couple," 5d.; "Clifton," 1s. 3d.; "Magic," 9d.; "Buck Shee," 6d.; "Admirer," 1s. 11d.; "Liverpool," 4d.; "Unemployed," 3½d.; L. B., 1s.; "Mother" (Blaisdon, parcel; "Sandbanks," parcel; Mrs. W. (Dunfries), parcel; "My Ninth," 3½d.; "My Ninth (W. D. G.), 6d.; Mrs. S. B., 6d.; A. A. R. 1s.; A. S. D., 2s.; J. H. K. B., 6s. 2½d.; "Poor Mother," 6d.; "Carnival," 7½d.; "In Memory of D. S." (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; "Waverley," 7d.; "Poor," 6d.; "A Sympathiser," 1s. 6½d.; Mrs. N. B. (Bristol), 6d.; Mrs. M. G. 2s.; E. C., 1s. 6d.; "Whist Prize, 1/9th," 6d.; Raymond's Mammy's Ninth, 9d.; "Wheatlands Avenue's Ninth," 7d.; W. W. D. (Canonbury), 7d.; "Ninth," 2d.; "Nil Desperandum," 2s.; "Victoria Cross," 6d.; "STYX," 2s. 1d.; V. G. S. 4s. 6d.; H. T. C., 2s.; "A Target Winner," 6d.; "Trial," 1s. 2d.; "Cinque Ports," 2s.; "Emhil," 1s.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet," received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 632.

HOLIDAY PROBLEM	REST CURE
AT THE CROSS ROADS	HAPPY EVENT
DRIFTING APART	THE RIGHT SHOP
GOOD LEAD	SOUNDS BAD
WHAT I MISS	WELL MATCHED
OLD COMPLAINT	SEASIDE FUN
WHERE LOVE IS	AMONG THE RATHERS
SWEET SIMPLICITY	LONG INTERVAL
HER DRESS	AFTER THE SHOW
IN THE CITY	WHAT'S LEFT

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupon on page 27, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 16th. All Coupons so used must be marked clearly with the number 632 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 632, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 632.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any of its advertisements we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are returned to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 493.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. W. P. WILLIAMS, Glanrafn Farm, Llanerchymedd, Anglesey.

Example:—WHAT MATTERS MOST
Bullet:—POINCARÉ'S POLICY ISN'T "YIELDING."
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. G. W. G. GIBBS, Sarperton, Wembrough, Swindon.
Example:—SUMMER FASHIONS
Bullet:—HOPE DOCKERS HAVEN'T SET.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. F. PITTS, 53, Wendsydale Rd., Bradford, Yorks.
Example:—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY
Bullet:—IF PRINCE WEARS IT.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

S. W. LOMAX, 96, Broom Hill Road, Ipswich:
MY HOLIDAY—FIRM STRUGGLES ON SOMEHOW.
J. KENNEDY, 4, Fleshers Vennel, Perth:
IN REAL LIFE—MARRIAGE PROPOSALS SELDOM ELOQUENT.
A. F. GIBSON, 114, Wellesley Road, Gunnersbury:
RUNNING STREAM—MOTORS—NEED NEW CHANNELS.
J. G. ANDREWS, 77, Station Street, Barry Dock:
NOT MUCH USE—TRAINING FOR OVERCROWDED MARKET.
F. HITCHCOCK, Bramford, near Ipswich:
THE BEST—ARM SPOTTED—NOT FACE.
LEONARD GOLDING, 92, Blenheim Gardens, Cricklewood, N.W.2.:
BATHING—SAFE, AFTER BOARDING-HOUSE MEAL
Miss A. SMITH, "Claremont," Haywood Road, Mapperley, Notts:
THE BEST—"CROWN JEWELS"—BRAINS.
HALL, 3, Bradshaw Street, Oldham, Lancs.:
LOOKING UGLY—DEAD FLOWERS AROUND MEMORIALS.
J. KENYON, 4, Whalley Banks, Blackburn:
ANOTHER MAN—SOME REFERENCES OFTEN DESCRIBE.
DAVIES 8 Oakdale Road, Penrhiwfr, Penygraig, Glam.
TACTLESS—SEEKING EMPLOYMENT. AND YAWNING.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

MARSHALL, 44, St. Aubyn Street Devonport:
NOT MUCH USE—REDUCTIONS ONLY REACHING RETAILERS.
ROBERT W. LAYTON, Graigddu School House, Dinas, Rhondda Valley:
THE FOREMAN—MOTORIST'S WIFE AT BREAKDOWN.
S. JACK 11, Fairlight Avenue, Harlesden, N.W.10.:
DOUBLE DYED—VALOUR, WHEN DISCRETION EXCUSABLE.
KINCHORN. 18, Upper Accommodation Rd., Leeds:
THE FOREMAN—APPRECIATED AFTER UNDER FOREWOMAN.
A. M. WOOD, 781, Wandsworth Rd., Clapham, S.W.:
MY HOLIDAY—CLOSING DOWN—LONDON CALLING.
ROBERTSON Bridge St., Warkworth, Northumberland:
WHAT MATTERS MOST—WORKING, WHILE LEADERS ARBITRATE.
RICHARD J. FORREST, 23, Melling Road, Southport:
BALDWIN'S SLOGAN—WRITER ON HOLIDAY APPARENTLY.
W. HAVELOCK PITTS, Warren Lodge, Maidenhead, near Reading:
THE ASSET—IMAGINATION WHILE "LISTENING-IN."
JONES, 181, Wadham Road, Bootle, Liverpool:
PICKED UP—FATHER'S TRUNK—AND DISORDERLY.
MOORE, Hall Stile Bank Hexham, Northumberland:
THE BEST—RELIGION HASN'T A NAME.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

100 Prize-winners of £1:

Astley, Coalfield, Halstead, Essex; T. Austin, Cardall Street, Scarborough; C. W. Beech, 50, Park Road, Northampton; Mrs. A. Bennett, Beattie Road, New Brighton; Miss F. Bickerdike, East Street, Taunton; W. Black, 12, Hawks, Canterbury; Mrs. F. Bishop, The Dairy, Albury, near, Hadham; Mrs. F. Botham, 1, Cornwall, Bexhill-on-Sea; A. J. Boulton, 6, Scarcroft, Shegness; V. Boyce, 108, Blackburn Road, Bolton; Madam Alma Brooke, 1, Mayo's Terrace, Plymouth; C. E. Burch, 110, Queen's Road, Richmond; Mrs. E. Bushell, 57, Upton Road, Birkenhead; G. Byrnave, Dark Lane, Stotfold, Beds.; Cattle, 131, Horwich Road, Walsall; Mrs. C. L. Clarke, 180, St. Ann's Well Road, Nottingham; Clayton, North Burton, Hunmanby, Yorks; J. T. Coombs, 47, Grosvenor Terrace, S.E.5.; J. Cooney, Pembroke Street, Brecon; J. Councilboy, 75, Meyrick Dock, Pembroke Dock; H. Cook, 47, Lorne Park Road, Lowestoft; J. A. Cottam, Sea View Farm, Anchor, Sons.; Miss K. Crawford, 166, Hospital Road, Glasgow, S.S.; Mrs. R. Davey, 16, Bridge Road, Derby Hill, Liverpool; E. Davies, Hideaway Inn, Cheltenham; Miss C. L. Doidridge, 197, Hamlet Court Road, Westcliff; Mrs. F. Donnell, 12, Dunnamo Terrace, Londonderry; B. Earle, New Cross, Bucks Head, Cannington, Som.; C. Elcome, Brookleigh, Sugar; H. G. Endall, 8, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool; T. Evans, 2, Vaughan Street, Maldon, Co. Durham; W. Friend, 208, Waverley Road, Birmingham; S. Glover, 16-2, Hodgson Street, Shield; Mrs. M. Gray, 166, Bristol Road, Earlsdon, Coventry; R. Green, 6, Tilbury Road, East Ham; Mrs. G. Hargreaves, c/o. Messrs. Verys, 96, Aldred, Manchester; W. Harrison, 4, Seabank Road, Prescot; F. Harrison, Counting House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth; A. G. Hart, 103, Ocean Road, Gotham; C. Hawkins, 60, Bannerman Road, Barton, Hull; S.-Sgt. A. Hickman, 109, Victoria Street, Princes; W. M. Hide, 60, St. Edmunds Road, Canvey; W. R. Horsey, 17, Woburn Road, Bedford; V. Hosking, 45, Dunraven Street, Treharbert; W. Howlett, 104, Roghearst Rd., Catford; Hunt, 32, 84, Gothard's Road, West Norwood; Jackson, The Orchard, Shawbury, near Warwick; Jones, Llewellyn Row, Llanelly Hill, near Abergavenny; J. Jones, 3, Glencoe Villas, New Road, Rhosddu, Wrexham; Mrs. Kirke, 2, Vernon Square, W.C.

(Continued in next Column.)

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £500

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2 10

2nd. Prize £50

100 Prizes of £1

200 PRIZES OF 5/
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
4,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

3rd. Prize £10

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 492.

WHAT FRANCE EXPECTS
REPARATIONS
FINE HOLIDAY
TAKEN FOR GRANTED
OUR WAY
EASY
ALL THE RAGE
FREE COUNTRY
WIDE CHOICE
LIFE'S HIGHWAY
IN THE SWIM
A HIGH TIME
DEAF TO REASON
SUNDAY GAMES
HER FREEDOM
SEASIDE LANDLADY
OVERHEARD
NOT NOTICED
A MENACE
REGRETTED LATER
GOOD AS GOLD
PACKING UP
AN EXCURSION
STANDING ARMY
HOT SPELL
SENSELESS
OLD SCHOOL
WIFE'S LUGGAGE
LIVELY
MAKING LOVE
SAILING
NOT SO SLOW

(Continued from previous column.)

Ryde, I.O.W.; Miss Lander, 66, St. Michael's Road, Aldershot; Miss L. Lodger, "Hallworth," Pudsey Road, Rawmarsh; Mrs. G. Lowis, 6a, Mrs. Elliott, 32, Greenover Street, Canton, Cardiff; Mrs. D. Longley, Thorpe le Soken, near Clacton-on-Sea; E. Martin, 31, Beechcroft Street, Bethel; W. Mawhin, 14, Albert Av., Wellstead Street, Hull; F. Mitchell, 54, Merches Gardens, Cardiff; T. Mitchell, 4, Albert Mans., Stockwell Rd., S.W.; W. McNally, 203, Maryhill Rd., Glasgow; A. Morgan, 3, Alexandra Ter. Ely, Cardiff; W. Newton, 7, Goodson Row, Bramley, Leeds; W. Nicholls, 7, Lansdon Rd., Upper Holloway; A. L. Orman, 110, Devon St., Southampton; E. Owen, 1, Chirbon St., Abergavenny; Miss M. Paget, 16, Queen St., Scarborough; E. E. Parker, 108, Plymouth Grove, C-on-M., Manchester; J. Pitman, 50, Sutherland Rd., Tottenham; Miss A. E. Powderell, 19, Marshall Villas, Reading, Northants; Mrs. H. Purra, 11, Southland Rd., Grays; Capt. R. Rider, 32, Plumstead Rd., Norwich; C. Roberts, 19, Arnold St., Elm Grove, Brighton; A. G. Rhymes, Lower Penn, Wolverhampton, near Oxford; H. Richmond, 66, Whitnell Rd., Stockport; H. G. Rogers, Staythorpe Cranmg, Rollaston, R.S.O., Notts.; F. Salmons Edwardstone, Boxford, Colchester; Miss H. Scott, Greywell Hill, Basingstoke; C. G. Shadbolt, 98, Outer Temple, 222, Strand, W.C.; G. Shaw, 64, Dane Park Rd., Ramsgate; Miss E. G. Slanger, Hilcott, Pewsey, Marlborough; E. Slater, 41, Bolton Rd., Nr. Accrington, Lancs.; F. Smallcombe, 27, Northcote Rd., St. George, Bristol; H. Smith, 48, Bridge St. West, Hockley, Birmingham; G. H. Smith, 69, Victoria St., Redcliffe; Rev. J. Smith, Post Office, Pentney, near Kings Lynn; A. Stewart, 10, Aylmer Park, Highbury; Mrs. E. W. Storey, 204, Wyke Lane, Worcester; E. Strawbery, 4, Church St., Summertown, Oxford; E. Summer, 81, Commercial Rd., Woking; Dean F. Swift, Belfast. (Please send full address); W. F. Tippett, 26, Beasley Rd., Southville, Bristol; G. Tompkins, Station Approach, Shanklin; W. J. Trotter, 27, Primrose St., St. Just, R.S.O., Cornwall; W. Tyndall, 5, Stanbury Rd., East Ham; H. Valentine, 19, Melbourne Rd., Bristol Rd., Bridgwater; G. Wade, 5, Elm Ter., Orpington, Kent; G. Walton, 117, Cotton Park, Bolton; H. Welsh, The Anchor, Rest St., Hessenle; W. Wicks, Bonnyside, Pitcorth, Dunfermline; E. E. Wright, "Baildon," Grosvenor Rd., St. Helens, Lancs.; A. Young, 40, Caledonian Cres., Edinburgh.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—OUR BABY *Bullet*:—AND FRANCE'S GIANT—AVIATION. *Example*:—YOUNG MOTHER *Bullet*:—FINDS "KEEPING YOUNG" DIFFICULT. *Example*:—RISKY MOVE *Bullet*:—SECRET SOCIETY ADMITS WOMAN. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 493, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 9.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(493) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 9.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(493) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 9.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(493) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 9.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(493) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 26.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 490 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

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